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THE LAND

WITHOUT

THE SABBATH.

A GRANDMOTHER'S TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"EDWARD AND MIRIAM," "STORIES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER,"
&c. &c.

Elizabeth Missing Sewell

"Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burnt up with fire; and all our pleasant things are laid waste."—ISAIAH, lxiv. 11.

PHILADELPHIA:
HENRY PERKINS,
134 Chestnut Street.
1841.

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P R E F A C E .

THE scenes painted in this little volume are sad, and it has been no pleasant task to collect them; yet it has been done under the firm conviction that insidious principles are best counteracted by facts. A picture of the practical effects of such, vividly impressed upon the mind of childhood, it is believed, will often prove a better safeguard in after life than the best train of argument. May this work do its humble share, amidst the thousand influences which are moving to form the minds of those who will take our places on the earth, according to the principles of Divine Truth.



THE LAND WITHOUT THE SABBATH.

CHAPTER I.

I WISH my little Claude and Henri could see the cottage in which their grandmother passed her childish days.

Nothing in our village resembles it.

Not so neat as this pretty frame-house which their father's industry has reared, with its green verandah in front, venetian shutters and white paling. Neither was it like the log cabin which Claude recollects, dull looking without but clean and comfortable within, and which I thought even pretty when I used to stand on the hill opposite of a calm, still evening, and watch its graceful wreath of smoke stealing up from among the lofty sugar maples. Particularly if

I could see my own curly-headed boy at the door making acorn cups or playing with his tame squirrel.

No wonder that I thought it lovely, for to me it was full of tranquillity and happiness; and when my little boys shall have read their grandmother's tale they will no longer be surprised that she loved the lonely forest better than the dwellings of man.

But my father's cottage.—It was a low, one storied building, rudely plaistered without, full of strange angles and gables, whose vine-covered windows lighted our pleasant sleeping rooms; that is my brother's and mine, for our father's was below. A beautiful ring-dove for years made its nest in the moss grown eaves, and a tame magpie in a tall wicker cage chattered in my window. A rustic bench on one side of the door was the resting place of my father and our dear old Curé, Father Paul, where they used to talk away the long summer twilights. A grassy hillock which nourished the roots of an old white rose tree whose spreading branches nearly covered the front of the cottage, hiding the weather stained broken plaister, and filling the air

with its perfume in the bloom of the year, was my favourite seat when I could be drawn from the sports of the village children, which was not often, for I was a lively little girl. Not so my brother Henri, who was two years older, and from early childhood had shown the sweetest thoughtfulness. Well can I remember how he would remain motionless for hours, with his head thrown back on the hillock, his grassy pillow, his eyes fixed on the ever blue sky of our sunny clime, listening to the low melancholy wail of the ring dove, until his little heart would heave with sighs which I was too thoughtless to understand.

But my father's cottage.—I shall have nearly finished my picture of the outside when I describe the two lofty chesnut trees which intermingled their branches over our lowly roof, giving the early fragrance of their blossoms in the spring, our pleasantest autumn sports when they opened their prickly hulls, and a useful store for winter food. The chesnut gathering was even more joyous to the boys of our village than the vintage, though none could climb so high or so nimbly as my brother

Claude. He was older than Henri, but although they loved each other dearly, they seldom played together. Claude's delight was in active sports, but Henri better loved to linger by the little stream which, winding round the village, lost itself in the dark thickets of the forest. He always knew where the earliest violets and auriculas were to be found, and his step was so gentle that he could even surprise the young partridges. But I am wandering again.

Well, behind the house, sheltering the sparrow's pole, was the elm tree which this near our door so much resembles, that your father spared it for the love I bore the tree under which so many of my childish hours were sported away. I remember a pet squirrel had his nest for many a year in the hollow of that tree, and sore complaints were made of his superior skill in gathering nuts; but there was great sorrow when the poor fellow was found cold and stiff in his nest after a severer night than had been known for many years in that part of France. An old ivy climbed over the back of the house, and long before the arrival of that sad time when we were

forced away from our pleasant village, had reached the very top of the chimney, from whence its long loose branches waved in the wind. A rude shed covered the kitchen door, under which was kept my brother's fishing rods, their clumsy wooden shoes worn in rainy weather, and the large wicker baskets used in the vintage.

Our house, though the largest in the village, was very humble, with low ceilings, little square windows half covered by the ivy and rose bush, and very plainly furnished; but never did the sun rise on a happier abode, though a God of mercy has blessed many a home in this sinful world with the sweetness of family love. My mother died when I was an infant, and my father then removed from another part of France to live in this quiet village, where an aunt at her death had left him our sweet cottage and a small piece of ground, enough for our simple wants. He brought with him my nurse, Jacqueline, who became his faithful housekeeper, and afterwards my only earthly friend during much of that sad period you have coaxed me to tell you about before I die.

My father was a Protestant and the only one in the village. He was the son of a Protestant minister, and descended from those persons called Huegonots, who some centuries before were so cruelly murdered by their Catholic brethren ; but although I often shuddered at the tales of what a mistaken religion might do, I lived to see that Atheism—or a denial of the existence of a God, could be far more treacherous and cruel.

Henri always loved the stories of his martyrs and ancestors, and only when they were related would I see his cheek redden and his eye sparkle like my brother Claude's. But not from a spirit of revenge ; oh, no, he was too gentle for that ; but he used to ask me if I did not think the martyr's crown would be the most glorious of all that the Saviour would bestow upon his faithful ones. The chapters he loved best in his great grandfather's Bible were those that told of our blessed Saviour's crucifixion and the death of Stephen. He would pore over these, or the histories of the Huegonots and Albigenses, at his little chamber window, until long after I should have failed to trace a letter.

Now Claude's fiery spirit would often have led him to revenge these sins of other days upon his guiltless little playmates in the village, but our father always made us understand that these crimes belonged to the ignorance of past ages and a mistaken view of the character of God, in which the people were only the tools of ambitious or superstitious rulers. Indeed, we would have been most wicked not to have loved our simple-hearted neighbours who shared so kindly all our joys and sorrows, scarcely seeming to know there was any difference between Protestant and Catholic. I am sure they came almost as readily to my father with their little disputes and perplexities, and listened to him as respectfully as to Father Paul; and when he would, as I have often seen him, open our great Bible and read to them the commands of our Redeemer on forgiveness of injuries, or his words of comfort to the mourner, they would cross themselves fervently and leave our humble roof, peace and resignation pouring their sweets into their troubled hearts. Then would my father exclaim, "behold, my children, the proof, that though there be many names,

there is *one* Spirit and *one* God, the Father of all !”

A French village has little likeness to those of either England or America. Its cottages look prettily in a picture, but too often they are defaced by age or slovenliness, and our village, I fear, too much resembled the rest ; at least, I remember Jaquiline’s complaints of the thoughtlessness of our neighbours ; for she was so neat that her well scoured chairs and bright copper pans ranged against the chimney, were a lesson on cleanliness to the whole village. The good dames wondered a little at their beauty, but never dreamed of imitating her, contented with the lightest labours of their house or garden, and dearly loving an evening dance on the green. All the females of our village, and I with the rest, were notable lace weavers. Every sunny afternoon the women and children might be seen seated at their doors, each with a lace cushion on their knees, twisting their bobbins with busy fingers and chatting together in good natured friendliness, while their husbands turned their spades indolently in their little wheat fields

and gardens, trained their vines, or angled in the quiet stream.

My brothers and myself were the only children in the village who knew how to read or write, and this was the condition of the peasantry throughout the land, making it more easy as I have heard my father say, for bad men to deceive and persuade them to wicked deeds. No one laboured to grow wealthy or read to be wise; to laugh, dance and be merry to-day, to sleep and rise for the same purpose to-morrow, seemed all they lived for. I remember well my father's long conversation with the Curé, sitting under the shade of our rose tree; and how the old man would shake his head and pointing where their light steps were tripping the green to the sound of the violin, would reply, "Nay, Nay, let them be ignorant and happy; it is better than being wicked and wise."

Father Paul was the idol of the villagers, and well did he deserve their love. He counseled and instructed them in their duties as far as his limited knowledge of the Bible would allow, reprobated the erring, comforted the mourner, and rejoiced with the happy. "My children!"

was his usual address; and when he came among us to taste our brown bread and new milk at the may pole, the vintage feast or the nut gathering, happy little ones were we, and thrice happy those whose heads he affectionately patted. He had not much learning, read little perhaps except his prayer-book and the lives of a few saints, but he knew deeply the sinfulness of his own heart; and so true was his humility, so gently did he walk among his flock, their friend, their monitor, their guide, that even the careless respected religion for the sake of their gray-haired pastor. Such was the Curé of *St. Marie-la-bonne*.

CHAPTER II.

ALMOST every village in France boasts of its Chateau or Castle, in olden time the residence of the family who owned the surrounding land and were called the *lords* of the peasantry. In the early days there was a very strong love subsisting between these landlords and tenants, differing from any form of affection which my children can know. The Comte or Baron, as he was called, protected his peasantry, settled their disputes, improved their farms, worshipped at the same altar and lived among them as a kind master in the midst of humble friends. In return the peasant defended him in war, and higher than all earthly beings he loved and revered the family at the Chateau.

But a change gradually passed over the land, and finally it became the custom for the nobility to reside at Paris, visiting their estates only occasionally; at last the poor peasant learned to dread the appearance of those whom his an-

cestors so highly revered, since to supply their extravagancies of living they had too generally become the oppressors and pillagers of their humble tenants. The noble forests through which in former days the Baron at the head of his villagers and servants pursued the wild boar, were now prostrated that some Parisian vice or folly might be indulged in. The rents were increased on the estate while the cottages and farms fell into ruin about their occupants; and worst of all to their simple and affectionate natures, infants were born, but none from the desolate Chateau came to give the happy parents joy; old people sunk into their graves, and no kindly word from the master they would fain have loved cheered their dying moments.

These were the sharp-toothed instruments which divided forever the three fold cord that once bound together the peasantry and the nobles of France.

Again, the Baron of former days paid the same respect to the religion of the land as his humble followers, but a sad change had taken place here also. It was now the fashion for the nobility and gentry to speak of religion as some-

thing only necessary to keep the poor in order, and in consequence of this, sin poured over the land like a flood, when the bulwarks which stay its progress, have been removed. The laws of the Almighty were broken without the slightest shame, the services of religion were neglected, and even its ministers forgot the God whom they had sworn to serve.

At first these great changes were only to be observed in the cities which were chiefly occupied by the wealthy or those who ministered to their enjoyment and copied their manners and opinions; but in the visits which the nobility occasionally made to their estates they carried with them the poison of their sinful example.

Remember, my children, you can never be simply harmless: your influence upon those around you, even as children, must be *positively* good or *positively* evil; our Creator has so formed us that there is no middle way.

When these persons gave themselves up to a life of sinful pleasure, and then, to get rid of the accusings of conscience decided that there was no God, or such a One as took no heed of hu-

man actions, they probably thought that if they were wrong none but themselves would suffer; but the heart of man before it is changed by divine grace, let him be lofty or lowly, is as alive to the corruption of sinful example as tinder to the spark. Reverencing the footsteps of his earthly master, the poor ignorant peasant willingly knelt with him at the Altar of his God, or sought religious instruction from the same sacred guide; but still more quickly his corrupt nature caught at the examples of scoffing and sin; with no Bible to teach him better in his soberer moments, he only laughed the louder and danced the more carelessly.

In the succeeding pages you will read how these poor victims became the avengers in those who first opened the flood gates of evil on their country. But perhaps my little boys have been wondering whether we had a Chateau and a Baron. The Comte d'Anjou was the lord of our village, and being a man as bad as any I have described, that he always lived at Paris was perhaps the reason why it so long remained innocent and happy. Next to the Curé my father was most revered, and unitedly their holy lives

and pious admonitions daily strengthened the villagers in their duty.

The Chateau was a large white stone building, not very pretty, which was one reason it was said that the Compte did not bring his gay friends to visit it. Another, perhaps, was that in it resided his excellent wife and sweet daughter, the Mademoiselle Julie, whom he had neglected for many years. A man does not like to see those whom he has treated ill. This poor lady was never seen to smile in all those sad years, and even the caresses of her affectionate daughter could not give her peace. My father used to shake his head and wish that he might be allowed to bring her to the fountain of comfort, laying his hand on the Bible; but when Father Paul would talk to her of the rest of heaven and the duty of submission she would only smile bitterly and turn away. He was not allowed to see the Comtesse often, though he went every day to instruct Mademoiselle in her religious duties, her mother teaching her every thing else.

Indeed, it was not much the young ladies of those times learned beside needlework, in the

country at least. Mademoiselle could play on the guitar and spinnet very sweetly, and embroider so beautifully you might almost think you could gather her roses and violets from the satin ; so the housekeeper told Jacqueline, but as I found afterwards, she could do little more beside reading and writing.

I was quite a large girl before I ever saw the Comtesse or Mademoiselle ; for the grounds around the Chateau were very extensive, almost including a large forest, and a high wall with a ditch in front made in the warlike days of France, over which there had formerly been a drawbridge, hid its walks and carriage roads from our view ; and the ladies never left the castle grounds even to come to mass, the Curé attending for that purpose at the Chateau. We might have loved this lady very dearly had she come among us with her sweet young daughter in the manner of her ancestors, but she took no interest in the village. Thinking only of her own sorrows, she neither relieved the poor, instructed the ignorant, nor sympathised with the unhappy ; consequently she tasted none of those joys which the benevolent know.

Well, in this quiet happiness we lived many years; my brothers and myself getting from my father what education he could bestow while he carefully guarded us from the evil which was fast spreading over the land, pouring into our young minds the knowledge and precepts of the Bible.

Each day was begun and ended with reading in that sacred book, and on Sunday it was our study. We never attended the village church nor shared in the diversions with which, according to the customs of the country, they closed that holy day; but gathering us around him, my father and eldest brother would read to us from the Bible and other books of devotion and instruction. The time which the villagers chose for amusement, when the weather permitted, was generally spent by us in a retired valley, where the sounds of their mirth could not disturb our quiet thoughts; and there from the beautiful works of creation around, from the humble lily of the valley as from the loftiest of the forest trees, my father would read us sweet lessons of the goodness and wisdom of our heavenly Parent.


Our village was so humble, and though not many leagues from Paris, so secluded from the great roads, that except in the disposal of our lace and the abundance of the harvest season, we had little intercourse with the great town near us. This was quite agreeable to my father as Claude and Henri grew up, for the country was fast becoming unsettled. The peasant and mechanic neglected the daily toil that was necessary for the support of their families to propose plans at the village inns for the improvement of government. Bold, bad men, taking advantage of their ignorance, poured vicious counsel into their ears against their king and his ministers ; the priests, forgetting their Redeemer's words of peace, assisted them ; thus the whole land was fast filling with infidelity and rebellion.

It was long before Father Paul would notice these gathering symptoms of approaching trouble. He thought so benevolently of his fellow-beings, and our own village was so peaceful and happy, that he loved to believe every portion of his country equally blessed. But a short visit to Paris on some duty for the Comp-

tesse undeceived him. I was then about fourteen, and in that year began my experience of sorrow. The Comte d'Anjou had been in some trouble from the enemies his vices or political opinions had made him, and the Curé was despatched to him with letters from his neglected wife. During his stay he witnessed such scenes, and heard such wicked and rebellious speeches, as filled his excellent heart with horror. I well remember how after that time his look changed from its usual gentle placidity to troubled thoughtfulness. My father and he were often absorbed in long conversations to which none but Claude was admitted, then a high spirited youth of nineteen, but these only seemed to make them more sad.

Henri's gentle piety and love of study having made my father determine about this time to educate him for a minister of the gospel, his new pursuits occupied all his thoughts, so that he did not seem to perceive the mournful changes about him.

The general attention among the working classes to disputing and politics having lessened the industry of the people, as a natural conse-



quence poverty and suffering were increased, which it was the will of Providence should be rendered still more intense by an event which no forethought of man could have prevented. It was now the close of summer and an abundant harvest of grain had ripened around us ; but a tremendous hurricane, such as the country had never before experienced, passed over it, destroying in its terrific career, fields and vineyards ; prostrating to the earth in a few hours those fruits of the poor man's toil to which he had looked as the certain means of supporting his family through the approaching winter. The feelings of the people of France now rose to despair. Their cheerful contentment had long since disappeared, and they now permitted their hearts to be filled with gloomy thoughts of revenge on those whom they called their oppressors. These, as I have told you before, were the nobles of the country, too many of whom regarded and treated the humble mechanic and peasant as little better than the brutes of the field.

Slowly, but at length our little village began to catch the general feeling of discontent. Our

crops had suffered in the terrible hurricane, and the employment of the lace-weavers was almost gone, whilst not expecting poverty, few had any other dependance than the yearly supply which their lands afforded them. That was indeed a mournful autumn, though the Curé and my father laboured incessantly by exhortation, counsel and example, to keep up their confidence in the care of Providence, and rouse their desponding spirits to cheerful industry.

I felt these things only as a thoughtless young girl would be likely to notice them, for Jacqueline had ever discouraged my wish to talk with my father or Claude on what I saw so deeply interested them. I regretted that poor old Antoine had become so dejected since the destruction of his cottage, which no kind master was near to repair, that we seldom heard his violin on the green at sunset; and I felt sorry when I looked at the melancholy faces of the good dames as they sat listlessly at their cottages, no longer merrily busy over their lace cushions. Even the children were affected by the general sadness, sporting less gaily than

before ; and I have often since been reminded of the silent gloom of that period by the deep stillness which precedes the thunder storm that is to lay the loftiest children of the forest low.

CHAPTER III.

WE had heard little of the inhabitants of the Chateau during the summer. One old domestic, named Jaques, a sort of house steward, performed all the business necessary to be done without the walls, the purchases being generally made at the nearest market town. Jacqueline was acquainted with the housekeeper, but all intercourse with the village was so strictly forbidden by its gloomy mistress that she seldom saw her, and we could only amuse ourselves with conjectures on the appearances and pursuits of its inhabitants.

We were busily engaged one afternoon in the old kitchen, spinning flax for our household linen, of which it is the boast of Frenchwomen to possess a large store. Henri, having deserted his books for a little amusement, was seated in the door, twisting a new cage for the magpie, of green osiers, when he suddenly started to his feet, with the exclamation that Madam Boullie,

the housekeeper, was coming along the little winding path leading from the Cure's. Jacqueline, all in a bustle at the honor of this visit, hastened to smooth down her snowy apron and dust the ever neat chairs, whilst I was sent to prepare a glass of home made wine for her refreshment.

It was evident from her hurried manner that the poor old lady was bursting with some important and sorrowful news. She had been sent to the Curé to desire his presence at the Chateau, but being absent she had called to leave the message with Jacqueline.

"Forty years," she continued, "have I lived at the Chateau, and such doings as I shall witness I never expected to see there!"

Jacquiline exclaimed in surprise.

"Ah! good Jacqueline, you may well wonder to see me shed tears, but when *he* comes to the Chateau nobody knows what will become of my lady and Mam'selle!"

"*He!*" exclaimed Henri; "the Compté?"

To us children there had ever been but one terrible *he* in the world, and that was the Compté d'Anjou, such tales of his vindictive

anger and oppression, such unprovoked cruelty to his lady had been whispered to us.

“Yes, indeed!” continued Madam Boullie, “there’s my lady in fits weeping over poor Mademoiselle, and Jaques, poor man, half beside himself, tearing down the old tapestry, clearing out the wine cellars, scolding the maids, whom nobody but me ever scolded before ; turning the whole house topsy turvy, and all because my lord, the Compte, has sent word that he is coming directly to the Chateau, to stay, the saints above knows how long, and with nobody can tell how many strange gentlemen and servants.”

We were all mute from grief and astonishment, while the old lady went on.

“And besides this, his messenger says that all Paris is fighting and abusing his Majesty the King, who is a great deal too good for them; and threatening to murder such men as my Lord, the Compte ; and that’s the reason he’s coming down here to trouble my lady and his sweet young daughter, whom he hates just because he wanted a son. And this man laughed at us too, showing his ill manners, because we did not know, shut up as we are, that the people all over the land are talking about *liberty*, and

oppression, and rights of man—nonsense that nobody ever heard of before. This morning as he passed the Chapel the wicked wretch laughed at that too, saying my Lord the Comte would use it for his dog-kennel, and make his chief huntsman the priest. I am sure I had a glad heart when I saw his face turned towards Paris, and I humbly hope," crossing herself, "that the holy saints will keep him and his wicked lord there forever."

We all agreed in this prayer of poor Madam Boullie's, but grief and respect kept us silent. The good lady would not taste my wine, and after relieving her heart by a long conversation with Jacqueline, who accompanied her toward the Chateau, we saw her no more.

When my father appeared he had a newspaper in his hand, for which he had been some time in the habit going weekly to the post town, and after reading it himself, carefully to put away. The news we had to tell him only increased the pain and anxiety that marked his countenance.

After our simple supper of milk and fruits, he seated himself on the bench at the door, my brothers on either side, myself at his feet, while

Jacquiline placed herself near with her knitting, and he solemnly addressed us.

He said that out of regard for our tender years, and from the general peacefulness of our village, he had been unwilling to distress us with bad news sooner than could be avoided; but the time he believed had come for us to know *all*, and prepare ourselves by trust in God, and firm adherence to the religion of our forefathers, to do our duty to our country, and bear the misfortunes that he feared were fast approaching.

He then explained to us that long and expensive wars which the common people had to support by taxes, from which the clergy and nobility were exempt, had enraged them against their rulers. That vice and irreligion prevailing throughout the land, in their rage the people were doing the most wicked and unjust actions; taking up arms against their Lords, and even in some instances killing, and destroying the property of their peaceful neighbours, who refused to join them in their deeds of violence. Thus far, he said, our simple villagers had taken but little interest in the matter, and he had hoped we might continue undisturbed; but the appearance of the Compté would undoubtedly make a

change, bringing with him as he certainly would a band of riotous bad men, who would mix with the villagers, filling the heads of the weak and ignorant with absurd and wicked plans, and pouring the poison of vice over our peaceful hamlet.

We shuddered at the mournful picture my father drew.

Compte d'Anjou, he told us, had awakened the wrath of the people by first professing to be their friend, and when possessed of their confidence, turning to what was called the Royal party, although he was distrusted by both ; and it was to escape the just indignation of the Parisians that he was hastening to the Chateau.

“ Your duty, my sons, is to hold no intercourse with the strangers, except what politeness makes necessary. Listen to no revilings of your king, no denials of your God. For you, Henri, I do not fear—your spirit is peaceful and calm ; but Claude, my son, remember that needless words may draw the vengeance of this cruel man on your family. When danger approaches show the courage of a man, but in times like these, let me see you have the wisdom of the serpent, with the harmlessness of the dove ;

and whatever may happen to me, my noble sons, remember I commit to your care your sister, your faithful nurse, and the venerable Curé.

Our excellent father's address was evidently received with a different spirit by my two brothers. For some time after he had retired, and when the shades of night were fast gathering around us, I observed Claude with hasty steps patrolling under the chestnut trees, and apparently practising some military movements. Henri, on the contrary, was still sitting where my father had left him, his beautiful dark eye fixed on the evening sky, and when I came to remind him that it was time to retire, I heard him murmur, "be faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life!"

It was towards the evening of the next day that the unusual sounds of horses hoofs loudly tramping over the grass grown road, which passed through the village to the Chateau, told our trembling hearts that these dreaded strangers had arrived. Jacqueline allowed me to peep through the curtains as they passed. There were about fifty persons, generally in soldiers' dress,

or at least carrying pistols or short swords, and in the midst, mounted on a noble black horse, rode the long dreaded Compte d'Anjou. Having hitherto seen few countenances that did not speak kindness, the dark and gloomy face of the Compte chilled me with terror, forcing me to remember those acts of cruelty of which I had heard. I watched the tossing of his dark plume until the windings of the road hid them from my view, and I turned away in wonder that all faces were not so mild and venerable as my father's or the Curé.

Every thing within and without the village now bespoke a change. Instead of Jaques' weekly visit to the market town with his quiet ass, from whence he was always seen returning about evening, walking by the side of Cadet, and supporting his well laden panniers, the poor old man was now constantly hurrying up and down the village, extorting by threats of his Lord, or promises of future payment, much of the little provision the hurricane had left us. Bands of ill-looking men loitered about talking with the peasants over their palings or chatting with, and flattering their wives and daughters ;

sometimes they might be seen drinking with them, and then first appeared the vice of intoxication in our little village ; or they played with them at draughts and cards for the few pence the poor fellows possessed.

At the Chateau things were no better. The poor Comtesse and her daughter were forced to live in a small uncomfortable apartment in one of the turrets, attended only by one domestic ; the Comte, as we were afterwards told, refusing to see Mam'selle Julie, though her mother so much dreaded his wicked companions, that I believe she was well satisfied to hide her from their view.

Poor Father Paul visited them as often as he dared, for the Comte forbade his performing any of the services of religion there, which he called priest craft and mummary, so that it was only when absent on hunting excursions that he could see the heart broken lady and her child. All these troubles fell on the good Curé like the frost on the leaves of the forest. Many a long night he spent with bare knees on the earthen floor, crying for mercy on his poor bewildered flock, among whom the pitiless wolves had entered ; and all day he went unceasingly from

house to house, counselling, advising, and reproving.

At last the brutal strangers, hating him because he warned his flock to beware of their evil example, called him a knave and fool, mocking at his venerable locks and tearful eyes; but then the indignation of the villagers broke forth, and they spurned the insulters from their doors. They were willing to share in their gaming and revelry, they could listen with deep interest when these men talked of the wrongs and oppressions which they and their ancestors had borne at the hands of the Comptes of Anjou, and did not shudder much when they hinted at dark plans of revenge; but when these strangers, whose condescension had so charmed them, ridiculed their holy religion and meek gray-haired pastor, their indignant feelings broke forth and they turned from them in scorn.

From that time, happily, there was little intercourse between the strangers and the village. Their dark and haughty master at their head, amused himself with hunting day after day; treading down the wheat fields and vineyards of his vassals in ruthless scorn, only answering the good Curé's petitions and remonstrances with

insult and derision ; whilst the villagers closed their houses and went abroad no more than was necessary ; hiding their fears and wrongs under the shelter of their humble roofs.

CHAPTER IV.

IT happened, one cold morning in the preceding winter, that my brother Claude, in crossing the forest which rose behind the Chateau, discovered a young stag, which, having been wounded by the shot of some wandering sportsman, had crawled to this secluded spot to die. Claude was tender hearted as brave, so he carried the poor little moaning thing home to our cottage and committed it to my care. Father Paul taught us how to dress its wounds, Jacqueline prepared dainty salads for it, and all in the family loved to cherish the poor timid stranger.

In a few weeks he recovered and repaid our care by every demonstration of affection. He delighted to follow me round the house or garden, rubbing his graceful head just crowned with budding antlers against my hand, or stooping to lick the salt I loved to carry him. Bijou,

as we called him, was the pet of the villagers also, whose houses he visited with the utmost freedom, sleeping often under the old walnut tree which shaded the little chapel, or on the earthen floor of Father Paul's cottage; though he never thoroughly lost his love for his forest home, as he would sometimes return thither for a week at a time.

We got accustomed to these little absences, and I often amused myself by imagining Bijou's greetings from his friends, on his return to savage life, and always caressed him the more when affection for us led his truant steps back to the cottage.

It was on the third Sunday after the arrival of the gloomy Compte, just as the villagers were repairing in their holiday suits to the chapel, that the winding of horns was heard; and a long train of gentlemen and servants mounted for a hunting party, rode rapidly from beneath the low gate of the chateau, and took their way through the village.

We were assembled, as usual, in our little parlour, where my father was preparing to in-

struct us in the sacred Scriptures, when the whole party rode past the house; the yelping of the hounds, the cries of their leaders, and occasionally the loud voice of the horn, forming a strong contrast with our own peaceful employments. I shuddered, and drew my stool closer to my father, for I remembered that Bijou had returned to the forest two days before.

The morning wore on in peace, except when the deep baying of the hounds was borne to us on the still air, telling that they had started some trembling inmate of the forest from its hiding-place, and were hunting its tired limbs from covert to covert of the deep wood.

At length these sounds approached the village. Nearer and nearer were heard the winding horn and yells of dogs;—soon the trappings of hoofs rose on the ear, and forward they came, men, dogs, and horses, all in pursuit of one poor, trembling, worn-out stag, which, in the strong instinct of nature to preserve its little remains of life, dashed forward through thicket and stream, over fields, orchards, and vineyards, until, reaching the shelter of the village, it

sprang into the open door of the chapel, and bounding over the kneeling villagers, sought safety at the altar.*

It was my poor Bijou.

Fast on his traces poured the bellowing hounds, headed by the Compte himself. The foremost gentlemen having thrown themselves from their horses, stood with their leader within the sacred walls, and each holding back a yelling hound that panted and struggled to reach its trembling prey, and their eyes, turned to the Compte, waited but a movement from his lips to desecrate the house, as they already had the day of God. The villagers having risen from their knees, stood gazing on the unwonted scene in indignant astonishment, while the venerable Cure, clad in his flowing linen robe, turned his majestic countenance to the intruders.

With one movement of his finger toward the

* The reader will here perceive a likeness to the scene in "The Wild Huntsman," translated by Sir W. Scott. It was unintentional, and as it could not be altered without remoulding the chapter, it was judged better to leave it with this acknowledgment.

prey, their lord was about cheering his eager pack to the altar, when the clear voice of the Curé, in sterner accents than had ever been heard from his lips, rang throughout the humble building.

“Compte of Anjou! thou faithless to God and man! tempt not His anger by shedding the blood of innocence on his sacred altar! Begone! call hence thy vile bands, and leave thy people in peace to pray for mercy on thy miserable soul!”

There was a moment of silence—in another, loud and angry murmurs rose among the strangers, whilst the villagers gathered around their pastor; but at this instant my poor Bijou sprang through the open window of the sacristy; the hounds, with horrid cries, darted in pursuit, and the huntsmen followed, cheering them forward.

True to his grateful feelings, Bijou sought his home;—another bound, and he would have been within the enclosure. Henri sprang to the door, but, alas! a well-aimed shot had done its murderous work, and I received the dying stag into my bosom! Clinging to its poor bleeding

haunches were two enormous hounds, and others were fast encircling us. With a heavy spade my gallant brother struck down the nearest dog, and kept the others at bay until assistance should appear. In another instant we were surrounded by the huntsmen, and the eyes of the terrible Compte were fixed upon us.

“Insolent peasant,” he exclaimed, furious with anger, “why have you dared to stop the sports of the Compte of Anjou! Know you not that I can have you whipped in yonder castle-yard until your mangled flesh shall feed my hounds!”

Henri stood erect;—his dark eyes flashed even brighter than Claude’s, and touching his peasant’s cap respectfully to his lord, he replied—

“In protecting a poor trembling creature that loved me, I did but obey the feelings which my Creator has placed here!” putting his hand on his heart—“for your lashes, noble Compte, the time has passed when men may so speak to their vassals—I fear them not!”

The Compte raised his whip, but glancing

his eye round on his assembled train, the indignant feeling, which sparkled there taught him that, nobleman as he was, he must still respect the feelings of men. Turning slowly round he walked away in sullen silence, and the attendants following left us to watch the dying eyes of poor Bijou. My warm tears mingled with those that trickled down the face of my pretty plaything, and when stretching out his limbs, his life passed away in a gentle sigh, a guilty wish for revenge against his cruel murderers rose in my heart.

In a few broken words we described the scene to my father and Claude, who happily were both absent at the moment. A meek sigh soon told that our parent had learned a lesson of submission from his Redeemer, but Claude's honest anger was not so soon repressed.

"You spoke and acted nobly, brother," he exclaimed; "would that I had been by your side:—the tyrant should have known what feelings are glowing in the hearts of Frenchmen!"

"I am better contented as it is, Claude," said my father, mildly. "Henri's conduct and

words were worthy of a boy of *Christian courage*, the courage to resist oppression and succour the weak, and thus by teaching this poor misguided man a noble lesson, he has taken the best, the only revenge. Let us pray."

Can my little boys imagine—have they ever experienced those feelings of mingled sorrow and anger with which I listened to my dear father's prayer for that bad man who had given my heart the deepest grief it had ever known? Have they ever felt how hard it is truly to forgive, and wish to those who have done us wrong a pardoned conscience and a renewed heart? Then may they ever, at such moments, enjoy the sweet feelings of peace which stole over me, when every desire for revenge subdued by the powerful workings of God's good Spirit, I gave a sobbing amen to my father's petitions of gentleness and love.

No, not even when I buried my pretty pet in the garden, and hung over the spot the last wreath of autumn violets I had entwined to garnish his graceful antlers, did a wish of bitterness rise within my heart. But I thought of

Mademoiselle Julié, shut up in her lonely turret, where she might not hear the harsh tones of her father's voice, and I wished that she had been born the daughter of my parent, and could enjoy, as I did, all the sweetness of a humble home of peace and love.

CHAPTER V.

THAT my children may better understand the scenes of the last chapter, it will be necessary for me to explain a little more the peculiar feelings of the people at that time.

I have told you that the peasantry, being ignorant and unaccustomed to thinking or judging for themselves in matters of religion or government, had for centuries left these subjects entirely to the nobility and clergy, contented to fight for the king when he should deem it necessary, and worship their God at such times and in such manner as their spiritual guides told them was right. Few could read the Scriptures, did they possess them, and fewer still knew of that holy Book except by name.

In the meanwhile a class of learned men had risen up in the great cities, *philosophers*, as they loved to call themselves, who were quite too wise to be guided by any rules but those

which their own hearts furnished, (alas ! they knew not until temptation was spread before them how vile and hard those hearts could become,) and derided the humble Christian who walked in holy fear. To them the services of religion and its faithful ministers were objects of ridicule, and if their hearts acknowledged any Deity, like the ancient heathen it was one of their own imagination.

Yet these persons pretended, nay, many actually felt great compassion for their ignorant and oppressed countrymen, and determined to enlighten them. Had they broken the mental chains which enslaved them, and at the same moment placed in their hands the sacred Word which teaches us “to love our enemies,” “as much as lieth in us to live peaceably with all men,” and “to do unto others as we would they should do unto us,” they might have turned the infuriated peasant into the lamb-like child of God, and my beautiful country might now be rich in “the peaceable fruits of righteousness.”

These poor infatuated men began to talk of establishing a new order of things upon the

earth, which was quite to abolish the pure precepts of our Redeemer ; (alas, many of them knew little of those precepts beyond the name of the book in which they were contained !) and this new era was to be called the *reign of reason* ; under it man was to act from his innate goodness, the fear or the love of God being quite banished from his mind. Your grandmother lived to witness that *reign* in all its horrors, and it is to warn you, my children, of the consequences of such dreadful errors, that I have determined, at the expense of many a sad tear and mournful recollection, to describe a few of the horrible scenes which my own eyes beheld during the boasted *reign of reason*.

Now many of the Compté's friends and attendant's were men of this character, and therefore they applauded the reply of my noble brother, such a one as perhaps never before vassal had dared to utter before a descendant of the haughty house of Anjou ; whilst their enmity to what appeared to be uttered on the authority of God made them resent the reproof of Father Paul as intolerable insolence. I now proceed with my tale.

It was not to be supposed that either the Curé or my brother would escape the vengeance of such a man as the Compte. To prepare us therefore for the worst, and accustom us to look at poverty and misfortune, my father used to read to us daily the accounts which he received of the discontents and disorders of the peasantry, with the terrible acts of violence they were committing in all parts of France, marking as their victims the lords of their estates, and even their own peaceful neighbours who dared to express pity for their sufferings. The insurrection was all around us, the Compte stood wavering between the people and the Royalists, and it wanted but one word from this bad man to throw the fire-brands of discord into our very hamlet.

They came at length, though not from his hand. News arrived that the peasants of a village but a few leagues from us, excited by a band of ferocious men from Paris, armed with pikes and goaded on by approaching famine, had broken open and pillaged the Chateau of their lord, a man distinguished for the mildness of his character, and after pitilessly murdering the

few servants who dared to make any opposition, had set fire to it, and were now on their way to the Chateau d'Anjou. Resistance to such a mob was hopeless, particularly as the Comte had few real friends among his followers. Abandoning therefore his wife and innocent daughter to the fury of an armed peasantry, he escaped in disguise, his Parisian friends dispersing as they best could.

I do not wish to pain your young minds with the particulars of that night's work of terrors.

The morning sun rose brightly on snow covered hills and lovely forests whitened by the early frosts of winter; the works of God shone in beauty and perfection, but alas, where the white walls of the venerable castle had received his setting beams stood a smouldering mass of ruins. Its lofty turrets raised themselves on high, but they were roofless, and a cloud of dull lurid looking flame occasionally flashed up as the devouring element within found new food for its appetite. Of that noble building that had long formed our boast, little was left but four blackened walls. Its noble terraces were prostrated, its lofty walls which had long provoked

our curiosity by so effectually concealing what was beyond, were in many places levelled with the ground, and we beheld with aching hearts those mysterious and sacred garden walks trampled and destroyed by the feet of strangers.

And she whom these walls had so long protected—the youthful heiress of the estate—where was she? Alas, we knew not!

In the silence of night the ruffians had appeared. I heard their dreadful shouts for vengeance, but I would not tremble, for Claude's eye was upon me, Claude who always had said he should despise a coward. Our cottage roof often blazed from the burning brands which the wind carried thither, but assisted by Jacqueline, I drew water from the well and supplied my brothers with the means of extinguishing it until long after the dawning of morning showed us the desolation of the scene. My father and the Curé had been absent all the night, we knew not where, but Claude and Henri, prudent as brave, busied themselves in preserving the property which my father had committed to their care, and mingled not in the mob of the village.

Disappointed in not finding the Compté, the

chief object of their search, the brigands contented themselves with beating and driving off poor old Jaques, the only person left, pillaging the castle and then setting it in flames.

By noon they had departed for another scene of plunder, leaving a part of their number as a guard.

A mournful picture did our once happy village present, when we could find time to contemplate it. The inhabitants, few and unarmed, dared not resist the strangers who had established themselves among us, and who, intoxicated by the wine which was quaffed in the castle yard as freely as water, entered wherever they could, and behaved to young and old with insolence.

The young girls were generally secreted in hiding places to avoid their bold looks, and most of the inhabitants fastening their doors, beheld through the latticed casements their little gardens and vineyards as ruthlessly trodden down and destroyed by those, who boasted they had come to deliver them from oppression, as ever they had been under the haughty Compte of Anjou.

This state of things continued about a week.

At the end of that time, misled by some false information about the Compte, all departed but one or two drunken wretches, who acted as guard, and prevented the villagers from rescuing any of the property.

We would have questioned my father about his absence on the night of the fire, but giving us to understand that he would explain it when it was safe to do so, we were silent, considering it in some way connected with the safety of the Comtesse and her daughter. Nor were we mistaken.

On the first alarm, my father and the Curé, anticipating the Compte's desertion of his family, arranged their plans, and accordingly as soon as the gloom of evening made it safe, hastened to the castle. Horses had been prepared for them within the wood at a secret outlet. My father took charge of the unfortunate lady and the Curé of Mademoiselle, both in the disguise of peasants, and they proceeded in opposite directions as fast as their horses would travel. The lady found shelter with an aunt, not far distant from our village, and the Curé obtained a hiding

place for the poor young lady in a convent, her name and rank being carefully concealed.

Since our villagers, though not defenders of their lord, had still done nothing for the cause of the people, as the burning and plundering was called, we were looked upon by the excited towns and villages around us with a suspicious eye. Men armed with pikes and bludgeons were constantly loitering about, on pretence of searching for the Compte, but in truth that they might entrap our simple people in some offensive words which would furnish them with an excuse for burning our houses as they had already destroyed the Chateau.

Thus our days and nights were spent in watchfulness and fear, while to all was added the horror of approaching starvation. Availing themselves of the advantages which burning barns and store-houses afforded, the villagers about us had relieved themselves from the fear of immediate want by taking freely from the abundance of the nobles whose property they were destroying, but it is to the honor of the inhabitants of *St. Marie la bonne*, that they suffered hunger to approach within their very doors

and still refused to touch what could never honestly be theirs.

None in the village were rich. My father was perhaps the farthest removed from poverty among them, it therefore became our duty and sweetest pleasure to share our store with our suffering neighbours; and in these benevolent acts my dear brother Henri distinguished himself both by self-denial and generous efforts. It suited his gentle nature to “go about doing good,” and during that sorrowful period he gained for himself the well deserved appellation of *Henri le bon*.

CHAPTER VI.

As soon after the burning of the Chateau as circumstances rendered safe, poor old Jaques crawled back to the village, that he might at least die near the ruins of what had to him been the most glorious spot on the earth—the Castle d’Anjou. He had been born in it, his father and grandfather having been stewards successively in the days of its magnificence ; he had lived for the service of its family, and now, that family fugitives and that sacred mansion a heap of ruins, why should an old grey headed man like him desire to live.

We wept as he said this, for he looked broken hearted. Fearing to endanger the safety of any of the villagers by accepting their offers of concealment, the old man found shelter in a half ruined shed between the village and a lonely spot, which had been used as a burial place for the family at the Chateau.

It was winter, though not a severe one, and

poor Jaques dared not trust himself with a fire, lest its smoke, winding among the leafless branches, should betray the place of his retreat. We conveyed blankets and other comforts to him in the darkness of the night, and would gladly have brought him to our house, but he resisted all our entreaties and we were forced to leave him to the shelter he had chosen. When the village was sufficiently clear of strangers to allow of my doing it with safety, I used to bend my steps thither every morning with his provision; but it grieved me to find that his strength wasted so rapidly that in a short time his tottering steps would scarcely carry him to the door. Yet his appetite seemed good, for let me take him ever so much, there remained none the next day.

I went one morning as usual. A slight snow having fallen the preceding night, I was terrified at perceiving on the lonely path, the tracks, as I feared, of a horseman. My first thought was to retreat, but another, presenting before my mind's eye the figure of poor old Jaques dying, and perhaps alone, bade me quicken my steps forward; breathing a prayer therefore to my heavenly Parent to protect me in the discharge of my

duty, I hastened on. The hoof marks continued to be distinctly printed upon the snow and the way became more lonely, but when I turned round and saw the roofs of the cottages and the glittering spire of the Chapel, pleasant thoughts of home and safety inspired my heart, and with a few bounds I gained the door of the shed.

It stood partly open, but no blood stained the pure snow around as my excited imagination had pictured. I pushed it open—what a scene of tenderness and woe was presented. Stretched on his miserable bed, pale and corpse-like, Jaques lay sleeping, and close beside, as if to shelter his dying master with his warm shaggy coat, lay his poor old Ass !

In the outrages of that dreadful night, the very insignificance of old Cadet proved his safety. Too slow for flight, the dispersed family had chosen more noble animals, too contemptible to gratify revenge by his death, he had been allowed to pass unnoticed from the castle gates. Since that time he had wandered about the village, sharing the scanty provender with our own animals, but attaching himself to no one. It was well known how fondly he and Jaques had loved each other, and we used to say, “poor

Cadet, it would break thy master's heart to see thy lean sides !"—and after the return of Jaques the condition of his poor old ass had been daily regretted. By some means Cadet had traced his master's retreat, and I thought had come to die with him.

It was with some difficulty I succeeded in arousing Jaques, for the stupor of death was gathering upon him.

"See, Manon," said the old man, pointing to his faithful servant, "see, Manon, something yet loves me and will be sorry when I die."

"Good Jaques," I exclaimed, "you must not talk of dying ! Jacqueline hopes you relished the soup I brought you yesterday. It should have been better, but our barley is quite gone,"—my eyes filling with tears at the recollection of how many more of our necessities were *quite gone*, which we knew not how to replace.

He shook his head sadly and pointing to the unconsumed provisions of yesterday, said,

"God bless you, my child ! one favour more I must beg—hasten for Father Paul—be quick—tell him to come directly—now—I cannot die till it is told !"

I lost no time in executing his wish, for his

eye was strangely glazed, and its look was deadly ; in a short time Father Paul was with him.

Evening had nearly set in when the Curé appeared leading poor old Cadet by his broken halter ; we needed nothing more to tell us that all was over. My father and he conversed long together, and though I wondered much what it was that Jaques could not die without communicating to the Curé, I did not venture to name it, being convinced of my father's superior wisdom in locking all secrets unnecessary for us to know in the silence of his own bosom.

The remains of poor Jaques were interred by night in the village church ; so secretly were we obliged to perform even the last acts of kindness to any one who had served the hated house of Anjou ; many a time afterwards I saw the poor old ass turning into the village from the narrow path which led to the hut where his master had died, evidently returning from an unsuccessful search for him whom he had loved and served so long.

It was about a week after the burial of Jaques that my father took me to his room and holding my trembling hand in his, thus addressed me.

“ My dear Manon, you are scarcely passed the age of childhood, yet in the perilous circumstances by which we are surrounded I have observed you act with so much prudence and courage as to warrant my trusting you with an important secret, the betrayal of which, either by fear or foolishness, will certainly cause the destruction of a fellow being, and too probably that of your parent and Father Paul beside.”

“ Listen to me, Manon. You remember observing that although poor old Jaques received his food regularly his strength wasted away in a manner we could not understand, seeming as if sustenance refused its accustomed nourishment to his feeble frame, and how we concluded that grief was wearing him to the grave. We were all mistaken. The faithful old man—listen, my daughter, and learn a painful lesson of self devotion—the faithful old man sought that hut that he might succor *one* whom he had been taught to believe it his duty to die for; he subsisted on the very smallest portion of what little we could spare him nightly, leaving the remainder to *one* who was concealed near him !”

“ The Comtesse, father !” I exclaimed.

“ No, my daughter, not the Comtesse; she

is still, we hope, in comparative safety :—to *one* whom we should pity far more—it was to the Compte of Anjou ! The faithful creature literally starved his feeble frame to death, that the last of the family he had been taught to revere and serve beyond all other earthly service might be preserved, and the morsel which our slender means allowed him was taken from his own famishing lips to sustain his lord ! *Jaques died of hunger !”*

My children will readily believe that my tears flowed fast at my father’s words.

“ He revealed this, with the place of his master’s retreat, only when dying ; committing him to Father Paul’s care with many prayers.”

“ And has the Curé seen *him*—has he been *alone* with him ?” I exclaimed, shuddering.

“ Yes, my child, and without fear. Driven from the cheerful day and the abodes of men, hunted like a wild beast, enduring hunger and confinement,—all these have done what prosperity failed to accomplish, and in manner at least the Compte is a changed man. He has even permitted Father Paul to speak to him of his sins and to point in his present condition to the judgments of heaven. He did not profess

sorrow for the past, it is true, but he was silent and thoughtful. He suffers much in his present hiding place from cold and hunger, but it is still unsafe for him to venture abroad. The Curé, who since the death of Jaques has nightly carried him provision, is most unfortunately summoned to a distance on important business, and Manon, my daughter, after long deliberation, we have determined to place the dangerous, but noble task of sustaining his life, in *your* hands !”

I had been brought up in perfect submission to my father ; I mean by that not only *doing* his will, but doing it cheerfully and without question ; it was some minutes therefore before I could speak, and then I only sobbed out the name of *Bijou*.

“ It is true, my child, this man in his cruel sport murdered your favourite, it is also true that he would have punished your brother unjustly ; nay, had power been allowed him, doubtless he would have dragged down ruin upon your family. What of that ! Is it not written, ‘ if thine enemy hunger, feed him !—if he thirst, give him drink !’ Here, Manon, is a positive command which we dare not disobey, and such

an opportunity, my daughter, for cultivating the christian graces of love and forgiveness as may never again occur. You cannot risk your own life to save this man's and see him thus dependant upon the efforts of a weak child, without the love of benevolence taking the place of that shuddering horror which you now feel, and which I blame myself for suffering to grow in your bosom."

He then proceeded to inform me, that as heretofore the questions and suspicions of the mob had been chiefly aimed at the men of the village, the Curé and himself had thought it best for the safety of the family, that my brothers should remain in ignorance of what he had just communicated.

Finding himself searched for with more vigilance every where than at the Chateau, the Comte had chosen the place of his concealment among the tombs of his ancestors. One mausoleum, recently constructed, was untenanted, and the key of it happened to be in Jaques possession. Here he had been for nearly three weeks, subsisting on the little which Jaques and the Curé had nightly brought him; this supply it was

my father's command I should continue to him whilst he remained.

I had heartily forgiven the Compte as it seemed to me ; I wished him to become a better and therefore a happier man, but I had never imagined the possibility of my seeing him again, least of all in that lonely situation; and such were my feelings of horror, had it not been the command of my parent I confess I could not have attempted it.

I had none of the foolish fears which a wrong education gives so many children of the resting places of the dead ; neither did the hour of midnight give me any particular alarm, knowing that the Almighty arm guarded me as safely then as at noonday ; the path too, winding through a lonely valley where in summer I often wandered searching for flowers, or in the autumn for hazlenuts with the village children—I was perfectly familiar with it ; but meeting the angry eyes of this terrible Compte of Anjou !

Poor child ! little did I know what changes fear and hunger can work.

On the first night of my mission I set out, my heart sinking with terror from thoughts like

these. Crossing a broken part of the wall and proceeding to a white marble tomb which had been described to me, I gave the appointed signal. A light instantly flashed through the apertures at the side of the tomb, the door turned slowly back on its hinges, and a face appeared—the Compte's indeed, but how changed!—pale, ghastly, and thin, his black locks matted, his eyes, no longer sparkling with haughty pride, seemed eagerly asking the food he expected of me.

“Bless you, my good girl!” he said in a hollow voice—the door closed and I slowly returned home. Where were all my long cherished feelings of horror for the Compte d'Anjou?—gone! I now saw in him nothing but a poor, suffering, fellow being, who looked to me for sustenance, and I longed for the stars of another midnight to arise, that I might again enjoy the luxury of doing good. Such delights hath God prepared for those who do His will.

My labours ceased at the end of eight days. The Compte escaped, I know not how for my father never named him to me, an intelligent look being all that we ever ventured. Soon

after the Curé returned with a wagon load of grain and other necessities, which he had been able to collect for us in the surrounding country, and thus were we mercifully delivered when at the brink of despair.

CHAPTER VII.

THUS far I have confined my story to the events of our village, which, sad as they were, gave a picture of perfect happiness compared with those which desolated many other parts of my beautiful country. But I wish to exhibit to your view a land where religion was systematically destroyed; where *reason* alone and the *natural goodness* of man's heart were to be the only restraints upon his actions. In mercy perhaps to the rest of the world, God allowed that land to overturn His altars and revel in infidelity that other nations might worship in fear and holy awe. Properly to fulfil my purpose, it will be necessary for me now to lead your attention to more public events.

I have already described to you the ignorance of the peasantry, the haughty contempt of the nobility, and the irreligion of the educated class, or men of letters. You remember, too, the determination of these last to enlighten the minds

of their countrymen, and at the same moment destroy the *prejudices of religion*, as these philosophers chose to call our most holy faith.

For centuries previous to this period the kings of France had been devoted to war and splendor, which the nobles, sharing the glory without the expense, loved to encourage. The crown had long descended to those who consulted only the gratification of their own extravagant wishes; the people submitting, it is true, but only because they dared not murmur. Unlike his predecessors, it was the misfortune of our present King, Louis XVI., to combine a real love for his people and a sincere desire for their welfare in preference to his own, with a weakness and irresolution of character which exposed him to undeserved contempt. Awake to a knowledge of the injustice which for so many centuries had oppressed them and for the first time permitted to murmur, on his luckless head they poured all the reproaches which his ancestors should have borne.

The grandeur and long wars of former sovereigns had brought the common people, who, as I before told you, alone bore the expense, to the brink of ruin; and though Louis tried many

measures to improve their condition, yet, as in the case of a person ill of a mortal disease, the remedies must be violent if we would preserve life, the very severity of those measures only served to exasperate the people against one whom they knew to be too amiable to punish.

In the meanwhile, two parties were pouring the poison of their opinions into the minds of the unhappy people by means of newspapers and journals, sent all over the country to those who could read, public speeches made daily wherever a crowd of the discontented could be gathered, and more powerfully still by secret societies formed in each town or village all over France. The first of these parties, and by far the better of the two, were the *philosophers*—or infidels, who wanted only a moderate degree of liberty. The second was the Jacobin Club, equally infidel, but violent and uneducated; it panted for, it knew not what, and at last deluged the land with the blood of its best and bravest.

Unfortunately the troops, which in a country governed as France, are always the guardians of the King, joined with these parties, and although they were assembled round his dwelling as usual, it was rather to imprison than protect him.

Whilst the agitations which afflicted our own little village in the way I have attempted to describe were carried to far greater excess in most other parts of the country, by the rich and poor waging war against each other, in which the peasantry were too often successful, burning, plundering, and murdering, Paris, the capital, was particularly liable to disturbance. All classes were in a tumult; all business was suspended, which of course only added to the general discontent, and in a short time poverty and distress reigned throughout that vast population.

In the meanwhile the King and Queen poured out their now limited means to buy bread for their famishing people, who, as they were receiving it, cursed the hand that gave it.

But the frantic cry for “bread! bread!” continuing, the city at length broke into an open tumult, and the alarm bells gave notice that it was in a state of insurrection. The mob committed various acts of horror in Paris and then directed their march to Versailles, the residence of the royal family, shouting loud cries for vengeance on the King and Queen; and as if to show how the loveliest objects may become the most loathsome when deserted by the purifying

power of divine grace, the leaders and instigators of this most horrid mob were females!—mothers, sisters, and daughters!

In the darkness and confusion of night they entered the palace, and still crying for vengeance, they sought the apartment of the Queen:—she had escaped, but they murdered some of her faithful attendants.

Driven from the palace they encamped outside its walls, and continued through the next day to encourage each other by frantic cries, demanding to see the Queen with the most insulting epithets. At their call the noble Maria Antoinette appeared in the balcony leading by the hand one of her children. “Send back the child!” they cried, doubtless intending her murder when deprived of its protection. Turning to the door she thrust her child within, closed it, and stood before them with her calm, noble countenance, and arms folded upon her bosom, contemplating the thousands of harsh and angry countenances which were turned toward her. A gun was presented, but some friendly hand struck it down, and so changed were the feelings of the mob by her noble courage that a cry rose from them of “Long live the Queen!”

Another shout then arose “to Paris !” and to Paris the obedient monarch went, attended as monarch never was before. The coaches containing the wretched family, now the puppets of a mob, were placed in the centre of this vast body of drunken and infuriated wretches, who howled forth hideous songs of triumph. The foremost bore on their pikes the bleeding heads of the faithful servants whom they had murdered in the palace, while the rest of their guard were dragged onward, fainting and weary.—Women, carrying long poplar branches, rode on the cannon ; the pikes and muskets of the mob were dressed with oaken boughs in token of triumph, and under these terrifying circumstances the royal family entered the capital, and after enduring the brutal mockery of congratulation from the authorities of the city upon such an escort, they were permitted to repose themselves in the palace of the Tuilleries. The troops as usual guarded the entrance, making the unfortunate monarch as much a prisoner as if enclosed by less splendid walls.

These scenes took place in the same autumn which brought the Comte to our village. Father Paul being then at Paris, witnessed these insults

offered to the monarch he loved without daring, by word or look, to show the indignation and horror they excited within him. Long after their occurrence tears would flow down his venerable cheeks when he described to us the gentle dignity of the King and Queen, and the screams of terror which burst from their innocent children, as they saw the heads all ghastly in death, which these brutes in human shape bore past the carriage windows.

“And these,” he exclaimed, “are the fruits of infidelity!—they would wash from the earth all trace of the Redeemer’s footsteps, all remembrance of his gracious words of love and peace, but by a sea of blood poured out by those who proclaim the perfection of man’s nature, and talk of the *reign of reason* and brotherly love!”

Their King a prisoner, their troops corrupted and ready to support their actions however bold, and the power to make or annul laws completely in the hands of a people unused to self-government, the following acts of the mob were like the swellings and sinkings of succeeding waves, foaming out their own shame and destruction. To have been born of a noble family,

however distinguished for public and private virtues, became a sufficient reason for undergoing all the lawless license of a mob.

Insulted without redress, and too often murdered for imaginary offences, their houses broken open and pillaged both by the mob and the constituted authorities without the slightest justification, the nobility and gentry now fast quitted a country which no longer afforded them protection, and escaping in disguise, thousands voluntarily sought poverty and exile in distant lands. Every emigration left the poor King more defenceless in the hands of his enemies, from whom he and his family received daily insults, borne with the composure of Christian forgiveness.

Even when the few friends who still rallied round him would have resented his indignities, he entreated them to put up their weapons, that the blood of a subject, however guilty, might not be shed on his account. Finding themselves useless to him, and unable to bear the indignant grief of seeing their monarch exposed to insults which they dared not punish, these at last, complying with his repeated wish that they would

care for their own safety, tore themselves from him, and awaited in other lands for better times. Alas! to most those better times never appeared.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE return to the village. Spring came to us at last, ever beautiful in her verdant loveliness, but to our starving people never so charming as now, for she brought us the promise of future plenty. Our trodden vineyards began to put forth the signs of blossom and leaf, the tender grain sprouted in our wheat fields, the sun shone kindly upon us, and in spite of our misery hope entered into our desponding hearts, making us strong to labour.

Every hand was now busy in mending the broken enclosures, draining fields, repairing broken ditches or training again the trampled vines, all telling sad tales of that night's work of desolation; yet, though our condition was in no respect more secure, we could even smile upon each other again, for so does labour lighten the heart of its burden.

It was really gladdening to my youthful spi-

rit to see the pinched countenances of the good-natured dames once more sparkling with something that looked like their former mirth; but their laugh was neither so loud nor so hearty as it had been, for many weary months must pass over before we could even hope to secure our golden harvest, and then it needed but some trifling pretext, for our restless neighbours to snatch it untasted from our lips.

Still the seasons wore on in something of calmness, for although the country at large continued unquiet, the destruction of the Chateau and the dispersion of the family happily left our insignificant village in peace. The habits of the people too kept them really ignorant of much that could only have disturbed their minds. The distraction of the times having broken up the lace manufactures, we were obliged to live solely on the products of our little farms, and experience had taught us that the abundance which we had formerly disposed of in the neighbouring towns must this year be stored up for our own use; consequently, unless disturbed by the visits of other rustics we had little inter-

course with the rest of the world, the humility of our village proving its best protection.

Not but what the wise gentlemen at the Capital would fain have enlightened us also, but there being none in the village who could read, beside our family and the Curé, the newspapers and proclamations which they sent us so industriously were harmless, only serving the village girls for *papillottes*.

The grass had quite covered the spot where poor old Jaques was buried, and had even sprouted in some of the ruined clefts of the Chateau walls, for the end of summer was fast approaching, when my father warned us to prepare for another inmate.

“You will know her,” he said, “as *Jeanette Le Blanc*. She comes to us from a distant village, and asks a home until better times restore her to her friends. I need not bid my family respect her sorrow, nor avoid distressing her by needless questions or allusions to the past, since the politeness of benevolence is the Christian’s duty. As it will suit her purposes best to share in the labours of the farm, you, Jacqueline, will give her what instruction is

necessary, and my daughter will share her bed with the stranger."

Our father's wishes were ever the law of his little household, and his manner in giving this warning seemed to forbid further inquiry. Indeed, since the commencement of our troubles he had constantly warned us against the indulgence of curiosity.

"Be content, my children," he would say, "to be ignorant. With your principles, falsehood, I should hope, was impossible; how easy and safe will it be then if interrogated on dangerous matters, to reply, I do not know!"

Accordingly, though all felt there was something mysterious about this stranger, not a word from us intimated it.

Early on the morning of the succeeding day she arrived, riding on a mule and accompanied by a peasant similarly mounted; a tall dignified looking woman, even in her peasant's garb. Her dress was that of the better class of our females yet coarse enough in its texture; her head dress was worn rather lower than usual, beneath which, and crossing plainly over her noble forehead, appeared hair of raven black-

ness. Her eyes large and dark to me wore an expression different from those of any other woman I had ever before seen. When those eyes were upon me I never could address her by the familiar name of *Jeannette*. Her complexion, though dark, had not the weather stained appearance of most peasants, and when she spoke—ah ! in vain were all disguises !—those gently modulated tones were never formed among the villagers of France !

Such were my thoughts as I led our guest up the narrow staircase to my little bed room.

Jeannette, as my father insisted upon our calling her, though she did not always seem to recognize it as her name, soon became quite at home among us. She knew little of cottage work, but considering the smallness and delicacy of her hands which she took great pains to expose and coarsen, she succeeded pretty well. She was silent and sad, frequently gazing from our little window at the Chateau, her eyes streaming with tears. I tried to take no notice of these expressions of grief, but with the true vivacity of a French girl I longed to throw myself at her feet, assuring her that although the

whole world might join in persecution, there was still one family that loved and revered the unfortunate Comtesse of Anjou !

Are you surprised, my children ? Alas ! the history of those times abounds with too many changes of this kind ; in which the proud and the lofty were obliged to assume the garb and servile labours of the lowliest, glad to preserve their lives even on those hard terms.

Whether my brothers and Jacqueline had come to the same conclusion about our inmate, I know not ; our father's wishes and native delicacy forbidding any discussion of the subject, or appearance of a desire to know more of our guest than what she chose to reveal. It seemed to be understood among the villagers also that we wished no questions asked, and though probably the conjectures of all centred upon the same person, the utmost silence was preserved on this dangerous subject.

Father Paul came to see us as usual and often had long conversations with Jeannette, during which, in the pauses of the hum of our spinning wheels, though to do Jacqueline justice those pauses were neither long nor frequent, we could

sometimes hear the sobs of the poor lady, but we usually saw her no more for the rest of that day.

Our visitor never attended the chapel, nor I believe did she receive Father Paul as her confessor, and at first she spent the time given to religious worship both on the week day and Sabbath, in her little bedroom. I generally found her seated on the little box which contained her clothes, her hands clasped in mute despair, gazing on the scorched walls of the turret. Now, within the recess of this little vine-covered window lay my Bible, that rare book in France, to prince, priest, and peasant, with some others of instruction and devotion, both Catholic and Protestant, and I longed to point to the comforts within their pages for a sorrowful heart.

Henri gave up his studies that summer, for my father could no longer afford to employ men on our little farm ; so he and Claude labored diligently to secure plentiful crops, assisting our less provident neighbours ; for my father prophesied new disturbances when the pinchings of winter should heighten the discontent of the poor and the idle.

Our days were outwardly tranquil ; for while our brothers toiled in the field, Jacqueline and myself spun, wove, or prepared our meals, and kept the cottage neat, while Jeannette assisted a little in all that she might gain some household knowledge ; but was most successful in knitting gloves and mittens which we hoped to dispose of in spite of the troubles, and thus have a little store, as Jacqueline said, for a rainy day. My father seldom went from home without leaving one of my brothers with us, for we were constantly liable to the visits of strange men who would enter the cottage and seat themselves without ceremony, asking the most impertinent questions.

How often in those days of fear have I gone about singing when my heart was sinking with terror ; or addressed a familiar remark to our guest, that the intruders might feel no suspicion of her rank ; and fortunately the years she had passed in seclusion had so tended to obliterate all but her name from the remembrance of our people that none could have recognised her, particularly through her disguise.

And thus in anxiety and fear wore on another sad autumn and winter.

CHAPTER IX.

OUR guest had been with us about two months, and the awe I could not help feeling at first had in some degree worn off in the familiarity I was forced to adopt toward her; the village had been undisturbed by visitors for more than two weeks, and we were breathing freely again, when the Comtesse said to me one afternoon—

“Come, good Manon, walk with me a little way, for I am weary of this confinement. Let us seek for some violets in the valley, and you can show me the hut where poor Jaques died.”

With my father's consent, we proceeded along the winding path to the valley. It was a mild afternoon in October; the woods were as still as the Sabbath, for our children had quite deserted them since the death of Jaques, and the filberts ripened and fell undisturbed by the busy fingers which used to search their fruitful boughs. Nothing disturbed our lonely thoughts but the starting of some timid hare or squirrel, and in

silence we reached the old hut. The lady gazed round it for a few moments, then deeply sighing, plunged farther into the wood toward the mausoleum which had been the hiding-place of her husband.

I did not accompany her farther than the broken entrance, but I could hear her sobs, and my own tears flowed in sympathy. I was beginning to feel impatient lest we should be unpleasantly interrupted, when the sound of approaching footsteps startled me, and I gave the appointed signal with a trembling heart;—a minute after, the feeble cough of Father Paul announced a friend.

“Daughter,” said he, in a reproving tone, as the lady advanced hastily to meet him, “why these ever-falling tears? Shall you receive good at the hand of your God, and shall you not receive evil also?”

“Father,” she replied, “I know nothing of the existence of the Being in whose name you reprove me—nothing of the state to which you point me, when I shall slumber with the inhabitants of yonder tomb. To me this world is but a twisted maze of good and evil. My lot has been woven only of the dark threads, when

they break I hope for nothing, know of nothing ! Can you wonder, then, that my tears flow ?”

“ Can I wonder, say, that your mind remains in this gloomy darkness, when you refuse to ask the interposition of the holy saints in your behalf ! Have you not even refused to repeat an *Ave Maria* !—and if you will not seek the aid of the holy Virgin, once a woman like yourself, and therefore able to feel a woman’s sorrows, how can you hope for light on your darkened mind ?”

“ When a living friend cannot aid me, though faithful and affectionate as yourself, good father,” she replied, meekly, “ I cannot address supplications to a mortal long since mouldered to ashes ! Father, it is too late now for such counsels ; you must lead me to a higher source if you would give me comfort.”

“ Manon,” said the Curé, quickly, “ your father wishes for you—proceed without us.”

I hastened my steps, and was soon at the cottage. For the first time the lady remained below that evening at family worship. After we had sung our simple hymn, my father read those words of our Saviour which fall so sweetly on a mourner’s ear, beginning, “ Let not your

hearts be troubled ; ye believe in God, believe also in me !”

Remembering the afternoon’s conversation, I ventured to steal a glance from time to time toward our visiter. At first she sat gazing vacantly on the floor, her arms folded, and her head drooping almost upon her bosom ; but as my father proceeded with his clear, fervent tones, she gradually raised her head, and fixed her eloquent eyes upon him. Not a word seemed lost by her, and when he closed with “let us pray,” she rose—hesitated—and in another moment the descendant of kings was kneeling amidst her humble vassals, pleading for mercy from the King of kings.

As the Curé afterwards informed us, it was the first time in many years she had knelt in prayer, and that night witnessed the commencement of a peace such as had never before filled her bosom, even that of a penitent child no longer in rebellion against its Father.

I have said that my little Bible lay in the window of our room. The next day she handed it me with the request that I would find the passage my father had read the preceding evening

—"for I am ashamed to tell you, Manon," she said, "this is the first Bible I have ever seen."

After this I fancied I could discern a change in her very look. She wept at times, but not so passionately. Her eyes lost that depth of gloomy sorrow which made them so remarkable, and gradually a sweet pensiveness came over her manner, like that of my father or the Curé. Of all our family, Henri most enjoyed the society of the lady, for there was a greater delicacy of thought and expression about him than the others. In the winter nights he delighted to read aloud to her of the faith and patience of the martyrs, or the beautiful songs of David, until his own gentle face caught their expression of triumphant hope. No longer did our guest shun the hour of family devotion, or the instruction of the Sabbath. "Father," she said one evening to the Curé, "I have found that *higher* source of consolation *here*," laying her hand on the Bible.

"My child," he replied, "the Spirit is the Lord's, and all the rills of comfort are his also. A wandering sheep has returned to the fold of the good Shepherd, and I am happy."

But great changes were working at the Capital which our guest sighed or sometimes smiled over. The estates of the banished or exiled nobility were sold for the benefit of the public funds. The possessions of the Comte of Anjou had been thus unjustly taken, and nothing now remained of his once princely fortune but the ruins of the old Chateau. 'The poor lady used to say, "Teach me to spin, good Jacqueline, that I may know how to earn my bread. Alas! if I be driven from my present shelter, what shall I do?"

The public debt being still heavy it was next proposed to seize the property of the Church; thus stripping not only the toiling Curé of his daily bread, but breaking up the religious asylums of the country and taking from them what the spoilers had never given. This was opening new scenes of distress over the land, offering new temptations for outrage, and well did the idle and bad reap their harvest from it, though the blood of thousands was poured out in the vain attempt to defend their possessions. Our good old Curé had nothing which could tempt the avarice of the informer, for his own hands cultivated the little spot of ground which sup-

plied his daily wants, and in accordance with a sincere vow of poverty which he had made in early life, a little pallet bed stretched on the floor, a crucifix, and a few necessities formed the furniture of his cottage. Yet this unjust law brought a grief to his bosom which it could never have felt for selfish sorrows.

I have told you that on the night of the fire at the Chateau my father conveyed the Comtesse to the house of an aunt, where she obtained a temporary shelter. The same spirit which had filled our village with terror soon roused the peasantry here also, and again at midnight the unfortunate lady was forced to escape. Her venerable relative was able to reach the sea shore in safety and from thence passed over to England, but the uncertain fate of her husband and child detained the Comtesse near them. In various disguises and hiding places she had wandered until the hope of greater security had brought her to our cottage.

More happy than her mother, Mademoiselle had until the present enjoyed the security of a convent. But the new law, by directing the fury of the mob against the religious asylums, made their retreat no longer secure, and before my

father and the Curé had decided how she might be secreted, news arrived that the whole community in which she resided were seeking safety by flight.

The first information we had of new trouble hanging over us was from observing the secret consultations of the Curé, my father, and the lady. The former soon left us for a few days and returned ; — shortly after Jacqueline announced that Francois the miller had got a new maiden.

CHAPTER X.

THE miller was a good old soul, and so deaf he could scarcely hear the clacking of his own mill; but not so the miller's wife. She was kind hearted and discreet, but had such a reputation for scolding that none who knew her ventured to undergo her displeasure. In many respects the mill was a safe retreat for poor Mademoiselle, since it was some distance from the village, and secluded from the visits of all but our own people, who might be relied on with safety. Beside, the deafness of Francois, and the well known temper of his wife, made questioning them a difficult matter.

The poor lady slept little that night; I knew it by her startling sighs. Before we had risen next morning, she said significantly, "Manon, you are affectionate as well as prudent. Is there no errand to the mill to-day? Have you no curiosity to see the miller's new maiden? She

should be about your height now,"—she said, her eyes filling with tears. "My good Manon, will you not endeavour to see her; observe her appearance and dress exactly; and tell me whether she looks the peasant as she should do?"

With my father's permission I took old Cadet by the halter, and following the course of the stream, after an hour and a half's walk I came to the mill. Only Francois was there, and whilst he was lading Cadet with the grist I took the privilege of an old favourite and entered the house.

A young girl, taller and more slender than myself, was feeding poultry near the door. As soon as I appeared the miller's wife's sharp tongue was to be heard reproving her most roundly. I observed that the maiden's dress was similar to my own, except that the material was coarser and more worn, the better I presume to keep up the disguise; she had on the coarse stockings and wooden shoes worn by the humblest class of peasants, and like her mother's, her fair skin was dyed a tawny brown by the juice of the walnut.

She turned hastily, but I had time to drop a

note from her mother at her feet, as I passed into the house, whilst Dame Dubois, in her shrillest tone, reproved the awkwardness of Ameé, as she called her.

My object thus gained, I proceeded home as rapidly as poor old Cadet's stumbling feet would permit, where the Comtesse impatiently awaited me.

"You have seen her, my good girl, I know you have—your eyes say so! Oh, tell me, is she well—is she contented?" she would have said, but tears choked her.

I described her daughter's appearance as well as I was able, and promised not only to carry on an intercourse between the unfortunate mother and child, but if possible to manage an interview for them. A thousand times did she thank me, saying, "when your father is no more, Manon, if the providence of God allows it, we will retire to some quiet corner of France, and there in safe and contented poverty I will be a mother to Manon and Ameé."

"Suffer me rather, dear lady," I said, kissing her hand respectfully, "to be your faithful attendant; to toil for you; nay, even as Jaques did, to *die* for you!"

Our intercourse with the mill was now as frequent as circumstances would allow, though Ameé and myself did no more than exchange glances and drop notes in passing. I observed with sorrow that to prevent suspicion she was often obliged to perform services which even I should have thought hard, and her poor hands were frequently bleeding from the frost. Still she kept up a cheerful temper, said little, and never replied to Dame Dubois' reproofs, who it was very evident spoke more from habit and the desire to deceive me, than anger.

In the meanwhile the National Assembly had enacted a new law against the church, which produced even more disastrous consequences than that by which they had robbed it of its property. Grown bold by meeting no opposition, they now demanded of every priest to take what was called the oath of the Constitution, which they could not do without violating another made to the Pope at their consecration as Catholic Priests. I have told you, that of the multitudes of Clergy in France, few comparatively had been faithful in instructing their flocks, and in the late disturbance many had justified the murderer and pillager. Yet, forgetful as they had been, of

their sacred duties, and irreligious as had been the lives of too many, few were sufficiently unprincipled to take an oath against the government of the church they had sworn to defend. These, therefore, were pronounced by the Assembly incapable of performing any of the offices of religion ; their churches were closed, and themselves doomed to poverty and persecution ; in the public estimation they were held as enemies to the welfare of their country, and when the lawlessness of the mob had risen to its height, these unfortunate men were slaughtered in hundreds.

So few of the priests accepted the Constitutional oath, and consequently were able to perform divine service, that the churches throughout the land were generally closed ; the dead were committed to the earth without a prayer that it might be blessed to the living ; infants were unbaptized, and the voice of religious warning was silenced.

The wishes of the infidels were now realized : did the land become *better* or *happier* ? We shall see.

Father Paul, with his brethren of the same department, was summoned to take the oath.

My father attended him and described the scene to us. The Hall, decorated with tri-coloured flags, was crowded with spectators, all wearing the National cockade and shouting "*Vive la Constitution!*" The Curé was then nearly eighty years of age, yet his form was unbent by weakness; his snowy hair floated over his shoulders, and his face beamed with majestic goodness. His fame as a faithful parish priest was far extended, and many of his brethren, undetermined in opinion, waited for the example of the Cure of *St. Marie la Bonne*. The jostling crowd drew back as he passed, and with erect form and uncovered head he stood before the tribunal. The question was proposed to him:

"I have served my God," he said, "these fifty years, and now you ask me to dishonour Him! For fifty years have I taught my little flock to reverence the meanest engagement, and now you ask *me* to violate one made under the most awful circumstances—my priestly vows! *Will* I take an oath I dare not keep!—tell your worthless employers—*never!*"

Deep emotion held the Assembly motionless for a few minutes, and unmolested the old man passed down the Hall. It was a bold speech,

and few besides the Curé could have uttered it and preserved their personal safety ; yet in spite of the scoffs of infidels true piety will be revered even by the impious and profane.

But he was a silenced minister, and the woe worn looks of his flock were truly mournful. No more the chapel bell summoned the village to its Altar. No more, in the solemnities of the confessional, could he reprove the erring, strengthen the wavering, or comfort the mourner. Many of his conscientious brethren went into exile, but our affectionate friend would not desert his flock.

“I may not pray *with* them,” he said, “but the laws of tyrants cannot prevent my praying *for* them.”

But not long did he linger among us. The crimes and the woes of his country had been long preying on his strength and spirits, but the necessity for action had prevented him from yielding to its effects : now, exiled from the Altar he loved—denied the privilege of ministering to the spiritual wants of his people—what more was there for him to do ? He drooped from day to day, and before a third unhallowed Sabbath had passed over the village, its pastor

was no more ! He was found kneeling before the crucifix as if in prayer !

We had no physician to give a learned name to his disease, but according to the simple ideas of the villagers he had died of a broken heart !

CHAPTER XI.

I AM afraid my merry hearted boys will call their grandmother's tale a sad one. Alas ! it is too true that the terrors of a civil contest extinguished for many a year all the light-hearted happiness of my people, and changed them from a gay and thoughtless race to a most sanguinary mob. Few, but melancholy scenes marked the years of my girlhood ; for how could I smile when the victims of outlaw were weeping around me ? How could my sleep be tranquil when the sky over my head was often reddening with the blaze of some poor peasant's cottage, and I knew not but in a few hours my own home might be in ashes ? Such is the situation of those who hold their life or property at the will of *a mob*. But I must hasten forward in my narrative.

Our village was now fast losing its quiet character as the lawless mass, becoming more and more restless and wild with excited wishes, and

strengthened by new accessions from various parts of France, moved toward Paris, the heart of this vast body, from whence and toward which proceeded the great and small streams of rebellion and infidelity, which poisoned the land. Humble as we were we could not help receiving a portion of the moving mass, and as resistance would have been vain we were forced to adopt a civil demeanour even towards those whose hands we knew were reeking with the blood of our countrymen.

You will easily understand that these circumstances made the situation of the Comtesse and the maiden at the mill very unsafe, and the rather since death had deprived them of their best advisor. The sacred office of the Curé had enabled him to go about on secret service for them unmolested; but my father, who had long confined himself to the business of his farm, could not so easily become a traveller without exciting suspicion. Yet our affairs were daily becoming more critical. Claude and Henri were abundantly willing to undertake any services, but the first was too fiery and imprudent, and the latter too inexperienced. It seemed very necessary

that both mother and daughter should seek a new asylum but where should they find it.

While we were still in this anxious situation, a band of these wanderers one day entered the village and proceeded directly to the ruins of the Chateau. They were evidently in pursuit of some one, and we trembled for our guest. Concealment was vain, as the houses of the villagers would all be searched if any suspicion were excited, but Claude was despatched by the nearest route to the mill. We could hear their shouts and halloos to each other, and our hearts died within us at the frantic sound, but my father called us together and begged the protection of the Almighty in this our hour of peril.

The evening was closing in when the strangers, desisting from their search, dispersed themselves over the village to seek food and shelter. Three of them, with a man who appeared to be their leader, entered our cottage, and abruptly addressed my father.

“ Well, friend, you seem quite at your ease here while honest men are doing your work in ridding the world of these vile Aristocrats. At least I hope you will give us a supper and night’s lodging for our trouble.”

“The best our house affords is at your service ;” said my father mildly, “be seated. Jeannette will you prepare our supper ?”

With admirable composure our guest proceeded to arrange the table, whilst the man went on.

“A pretty good job you made of that old building, neighbour—why there is not a shed left to shelter a dog! Did you help at that night’s work ?”

“I was absent from home at that time,” said my father.

“Oh, ho ! kept out of the way did you !”

My father only called to me to put on plenty of viands.

“Well, friend, do you say *Vive le Roy*, or *Vive la Constitution*.”

“I thought the cry was, ‘long live the King and the Constitution,’ since his Majesty has accepted it. But I am a quiet man and know little of these matters. My friends, supper is ready.”

The strangers had fine appetites, and little was said until supper was despatched. Jacqueline and myself had waited on them, but it was necessary that the Comtesse should remain in the room that there might appear no cause for con-

straint or fear. Alas ! how often did we forget our own terrors in remembering the helpless situation of poor Mademoiselle.

At the close of supper the leader of the band drew from his greasy pocket a tumbled Journal, and commenced reading it aloud to my father, calling for more wine and becoming evidently intoxicated. In the course of his reading we found it rumoured that the Comte d'Anjou had succeeded in escaping to the frontier, where he had joined the army of the nobility which was forming there, but it was supposed that his wife and daughter were secreted near Paris, and this supposition had brought these fierce wretches on their bloody errand.

"Come, friend," exclaimed the leader when he had finished his paragraph, "what think you of joining us in our search for the family of this traitor ? I know one in Paris who will pay you handsomely for your work."

"During the many years which the Comp-tesse resided at the Chateau I never saw her," replied my father, "and I should think it impossible for any one in the village to know her person with certainty."

"But how is this, Sir, I am afraid you are

not a hearty friend to the good cause !—Do you not *hate* this wife of Anjou ?”

“The Comtesse gave us little cause to love or hate her whilst she was among us,”—I heard a deep sigh steal from the bosom of the lady who was wiping some drinking cups beside me, —“and this book,” he continued, laying his hand on the Bible, “teaches me to *hate* no one.”

“That book ! what is it!—something that the National Assembly knows nothing of then !”

My father pointed silently to the title.

“The Bible ! phew !” with a long whistle—“then you’re a Protestant I suppose.” At this moment another band of fierce looking men entered, informing their leader that the villagers seemed a dull spiritless set who either knew or would tell nothing ; they had heard there was a strange girl at the mill, and were proceeding thither, but wanted a guide. A faint cry of horror proceeded from the lady, but the agitation of the moment having caused her to cut a deep wound in her hand with a knife she was wiping, all passed off well ;—particularly as Claude volunteered to conduct them to the mill.

It was nearly midnight before the party re-

turned, and then they were so brutalized by intoxication that little could be got from them, except that "the miller and the miller's wife were the best people in France, and the girl no more d'Anjou's daughter than she was theirs; she had drank their health in a glass of wine."

It seemed that Dame Dubois had laid her plans well. Loud and long they were obliged to storm at the mill, for the family were apparently in the deepest slumber. Finally the old woman's shrill tones were heard at the window demanding their business, and scolding so briskly at being disturbed that no one could be heard but herself. Then deaf Francois unbarred the door, and so happily did the old man's infirmity aid the good cause, that all roaring and threats were misunderstood until his helpmate came to his assistance, and then followed such another torrent of scolding that stout hearted as they were, they were fain to sooth her into silence by flattery.

Restored to her good humour, the Dame now insisted upon offering them refreshments, shrieking often to her sleeping housemaid to come to her assistance. Amée who had been privately instructed, was long in dressing, and by the

time she appeared so much wine had been consumed that their senses were easily deceived ; so after suffering a friendly box on the ear from the Dame for her delay, and drinking a glass of wine with the strangers, she was allowed to creep back to her little bed.

Several of these men passed the night in our cottage, but Claude stretched himself before our bed-room door, and their loud snoring soon gave us additional assurance of safety.

To our great relief, they dispersed the next morning, and the destruction that so soon after fell upon us, was mercifully delayed.

CHAPTER XII.

So soon as tranquillity was restored to the village by the departure of the banditti, I took Cadet by the halter and repaired to the mill with some wheat for grinding. I was afraid to carry a note lest I should meet some wanderer from the party which had just quitted us, and as there were generally some of the villagers at the mill, I could not hope to speak to Ameé without observation; but the affection of a mother devised a plan for conveying comfort to the bosom of her affrighted child. She gathered a bunch of joinquils,* the emblem of hope with our village girls, and placed them in my bosom for Ameé.

As I had supposed, there was no opportunity for anything more than an intelligent glance between us as I dropped the flowers at her feet. She gathered them hastily and left the room. On seeking old Cadet to depart I found him

* Memoirs of Mad. De Laroche Jacquelin.

dressed with a garland of strawberry blossoms and crocuses, which her weeping mother was able to translate into the language of comfort.

It was very evident from recent events, that our village had excited suspicion, and therefore our poor lady and her daughter must seek another asylum, but yet not together. Whither should they direct their wandering steps? Their relations and friends were either concealed like themselves in obscurity, or exiles from their country. And since servant and vassal were daily betraying their masters to prison whom could they trust? Yet an asylum must be found. The unfortunate mother and daughter ventured one parting interview in the acacia thicket near the mill, and the next morning Claude and Jeannette had disappeared, only my father knew whither.

I shall not pretend to describe the listless suspense in which the days rolled over after their departure, nor how anxiously we watched my father's countenance for news of the fugitives. But that venerable countenance ever expressed the tranquil confidence of a christian. "Why should we be anxious for this life?" he would say. "Is our peace made with God;—can we

claim his mercy as redeemed children !—then welcome the stroke of death, since it releases us at once from the woes of sin, and gives us an inheritance with the saints in light.”

It was on the fifth day after the departure of the fugitives that our village was again disturbed by the shoutings of a band of outlaws conducted by the man who had led the previous party. Passing rapidly through the hamlet, with terrific shouts they surrounded our house and grounds ; some seized and bound the inmates, while others dispersed themselves over the apartment in search of the Comtesse.

I dare not, even at this remote time, my children, describe to you with minuteness the scene that followed. From their angry menaces and reproaches we learned that the peasant, who many months before had conducted the Comtesse to our dwelling, either in fear or treachery, had betrayed us.

My father neither confessed nor denied anything they charged him with ; nor would he account for the absence of Jeannette farther than by saying she had returned to her friends. Henri's answers, from his romantic character and high veneration for his lady, were full of lofty indig-

nation; and true to the enthusiasm with which he had always regarded the fate of his favourites, the early martyrs, he seemed almost to court the death they threatened.

Their fates were soon decided. I heard the musket shots which told that I was an *orphan*, and sunk insensible.

When I was permitted to return to my recollection I found myself, with Jacqueline, in a ruined outhouse on the skirts of the village. A dull red flame was bursting from the roof of our cottage, and the terrific yells of the murderers filled the air. I fixed my eyes in wild eagerness on Jacqueline, hoping that one word from her would tell me I was not so utterly wretched;—but her tears were my only answer.

How long it was before I could weep! How my brain burned with agony, and when tears did fall, how blessed was the relief! Then followed thoughts of comfort. My father was taken from me, but he had left me an inheritance richer than the estates of Anjou!—I *knew* that death was *not* an “eternal sleep,” as my countrymen, whose crimes had made them wish it so, afterward proclaimed it; I *knew* he was but as one who had arrived at a pleasant home,

where I should one day join him;—and for Henri,—dear, dear Henri! was it not written “*thy brother shall rise again!*” It was *true*, and the blessed thought filled me with triumph. The precepts of *philosophy* may reconcile man to death, but the Christian religion can alone make it joyous.

The poor villagers suffered deeply for the passive part they had taken in the concealment of their lady, as the dry roofs of many of their cottages took fire from the flying brands, and the nearest were reduced to ashes. It wanted little but this to bring them to despair, and amidst the stunning effects of my own deep grief, I still vividly remember their mournful cries, as they pointed to the smouldering ruins of their once happy homes.

Jacquiline’s character made her admirably calculated to be my friend at this moment of desolation. Unlike most Frenchwomen, her sensibilities were not quick, but she had an abundance of quiet good sense which knew exactly how to act with prudence at the right moment. She was a most notable housekeeper, and a firm believer in the excellence of her master’s judgment. Happily these two points

of character tended to her preservation at that terrible moment. Devoted to the neatness of her house, and the care of her master's property it was a matter of indifference to her whether the people cried, "*Vive le Roy*," or "*Vive la Republique*," for indeed she scarcely knew the difference. My father's will had been her law, and her total ignorance of his plans had saved her from sharing his fate.

Incapable, from grief and inexperience of forming any plans for myself, I turned to Jacqueline as to a mother, and in two days from that terrible one Amée and myself, by her good management, were riding on either side of her to Paris !

It was a bold thought to carry the daughter of the exiled Comte into the midst of his enemies ; but Jacqueline rightly judged that amidst the millions of people inhabiting that vast city, three poor strangers might more readily dwell unmolested than in a small village. Beside, she had a brother residing in one of the obscure streets of Paris, a man of quiet disposition like herself, who had managed thus far to live in tranquillity when all around was excite-

ment;—with him she proposed that we should take refuge.

“But Amée!” I exclaimed when she unfolded her plans to me.

“Be quiet, poor child!” she said—“it is all settled—she accompanies us.”

CHAPTER XIII.

A JOURNEY to Paris would, under any other circumstances, have been full of interest to two young girls secluded as Amée and myself had been, but recent suffering had so benumbed the powers of my mind that I rode on almost indifferent to passing events, and I believe my companion felt little less than myself. I now remember what I scarcely observed then, that the road presented all the appearances of a disordered country. Occasionally we met with the ruins of burned Chateaux or villages; the lands lay uncultivated; dams breaking through their barriers from neglect had turned fine meadows into stagnant ponds. In some places the harvest fields of the preceding year had been burned, and the scorched stubble could be seen among the tender green of the young grain. Every where families were conveying their goods in the little donkey carts of the country,

or on mules, and men were standing in groups talking with fierce gesticulations.

We travelled in a little cart of our own which had escaped the destruction, and Jacqueline was our only earthly guide and protector. Through her prudence we were mercifully preserved from insult or injury, and on the morning of the second day we reached the barriers of Paris.

Jacquiline having observed some of the horses' heads decked with the tri-coloured cockade, worn by those who favoured the revolution, had taken the precaution to purchase one for old Cadet, pinning gaudy breast knots of the same upon Amée and myself, while a cockade even larger than Cadet's ornamented her own head dress, and this trifle gave us safety. We rattled over the broad paving stones, and through rows of palaces as they seemed to me, while the crowds of human beings pressing along on either side of us, the jostling with carts and carriages of every description, was terrifying to us poor homeless orphans, and forgetting that the circumstances of our different families had ever forbidden such intimacy, we clung together in helpless affright.

The street in which stood our new home was very narrow, with tall houses lining it, inhabited chiefly by persons occupying apartments, but all communicating by one general entrance. At the door of a little glover's shop our vehicle stopped. We were left a long time sitting in the wagon, nor do I yet know what arguments Jacqueline made use of to induce her brother to receive us, but at length we were introduced into a comfortless back room, and from thence up several flights of stairs to a little attic, which, unfurnished as it was, became cheerful in our eyes from contrast with the apartment which first received us, for the bright sun could here throw his beams, unchecked by neighbouring walls.

Jacquiline was not a woman of many words, but when we were fairly established in our little room, the good creature gave way to a flow of conversation such as I had never heard from her before. A thousand times we embraced her; we clung to her in the helplessness of our orphan state, and with streaming eyes begged blessings upon her. Amée's sweet face brightened with cheerful hope, and she entered readily into

all Jacqueline's plans. Saving in her habits, and simple in her wants, the good woman had long ago sewed fifty *louis d'or*, the price of many years' labour, in the hem of her striped petticoat, and this she showed us as the promise of future support. She would furnish our little room, in which was a sleeping closet for herself; and her brother would give us employment at sewing gloves. He had no family, kept no company, thought very little of any thing but getting rich, and she had no doubt we should be perfectly safe. Necessary comforts were procured for us in the course of the day, and that night Amée and myself sobbed ourselves to sleep in each other's arms.

Nothing scarcely could have been more dull than the whole course of our residence in Paris, more entirely wanting in all those gay excitements, those affectionate endearments, which childhood and youth languish for. From the earliest sunlight which streamed through our uncurtained windows, until a late hour at night, we toiled with trembling fingers for our avaricious landlord, who seemed to exact more labour in proportion to the danger of secreting us. The

very small pittance he allowed just sufficed to furnish us with the coarsest food, and humblest clothing ; but in our quiet attic we could hear far off the trampings of the furious mob, the rolling of cannon, and the shouts of lawless victory, undisturbed by the fears of personal safety ; and the trials through which both had passed had long since quenched every girlish desire for change or amusement.

But with what sweet patience did the lovely Amée endure all this, and when at length I learned to weep less violently over the recollection of my murdered father and brother, how did her gentle consolations soothe my griefs, and her courageous example fortify my young spirit. Our common misfortunes caused us to forget all the distinctions of rank, while we clung to Jacqueline as to a parent, and trusted implicitly to her discretion.

We never dared allude to our dear village or the events of our childhood in speech, lest our conversation should be overheard by our neighbours in the next attic ; but we often relieved the bursting fulness of our hearts by signs and writing, particularly on Sunday, when released from

labour, Amée loved to read the counsels and instructions which my beloved father had so diligently impressed upon my mind, now occurring to me as sacred commands, sealed by his blood ; and not unfrequently the good Curé's name would appear, as we mutually imparted the instructions of these sainted ones.

We had been in Paris six weary weeks, and had yet received no intelligence of the Comp-tesse or Claude, when old M. Dubois in a sudden fit of gratitude for some particularly neat work executed by Amée's slender fingers, proposed to his sister that we should visit the Champ de Mars, where a public celebration was to be held. A body of laws, supposed to be suitable to the present condition of France, had been formed by the Assembly, and accepted by the King a year previous to this. To give this acceptance greater importance it was proposed that it should be performed amidst the representatives of France, with suitable solemnities ; and the nation was now about to celebrate the Anniversary of this important event.

Timid as we were, and indisposed from recent grief for sights of mere amusement, Jac-

quiline yet did not think it prudent for us both to decline her brother's rare civilities, and I, as least in danger of discovery, proceeded with M. Dubois and her to the Champ de Mars.

The bands of representatives, amounting to several thousands, with appropriate banners, moved through the various streets, and at length reached the square where an immense crowd of persons were assembled. A fantastic Altar had been erected in the centre; around this were pitched pikes, surmounted by floating banners, loaded with emblems of feelings which existed nowhere but in the excited imaginations of their enthusiastic contrivers. The brilliant dresses of the troops, the glistening of sabres, the rich strains of music poured at once from more than a thousand instruments, made it a scene of rare gaiety and splendour, particularly when a July sun suddenly poured its streaming rays upon us, and yet the poor King was sad and dispirited. He mounted the Altar while a few voices shouted *vive le Roi*, alas! his people saw him no more until he appeared on the scaffold which Frenchmen had raised for him!

It was at the moment when the firing of can-

non announced the closing of the spectacle, and when all was frantic joy, men congratulating and embracing each other, women shouting forth their pleasure with tears and laughter, that I felt a hand placed upon my shoulder. I looked up, and with an unheeded scream of joyful surprise beheld my brother Claude. Protection, safety, and happiness for an instant seemed to be mine ; but alas ! these were not the times for indulging the gentler emotions of the heart ; a hasty embrace, a whispered farewell, and Claude was gone, unperceived even by Jacqueline ; but he left a paper in my grasp which I easily concealed in my jacket until safe with my friends in our garret, I ventured to draw it forth.

It was written in the most guarded manner, yet we gathered from it that Jeannette had been conveyed to a place of present safety with a relative of the Curé's in a distant town. Poor Claude did not reach his desolate home until long after our departure ; for he had taken a circuitous route lest Jeannette might be traced through him ; and a torn journal which he picked up in the road informed him of the fate of his father and brother.

“Three nights,” said he, “I spent upon the beloved graves ; but in the darkness and danger my father’s God watched over me, and filled my heart with sweeter thoughts than those of revenge.”

Some faithful person, the deaf miller we supposed, informed him of our flight, and as it had ever been my father’s advice that Jacqueline should seek her brother’s protection in an event like that which had occurred, he suspected our retreat and hastened to Paris. Here he had hovered about us, yet afraid to approach lest he should bring upon us the ruin which threatened himself, until the celebration of the Champ de Mars gave the coveted opportunity. He would fain linger near to us or Jeannette, he said, but dared not. An army was marching to the frontiers of France, composed of the exiled nobles, and foreign powers who wished to rescue the King from his dangerous situation ; this, on the morrow, he would set out to join, hoping in a few months to bring us freedom from the reign of irreligion and anarchy.

I confess that Claude’s resolution did not inspire me with the same pleasure it gave to

Amée. Perhaps the difference was caused by our education. Amée was the descendant of princes and heroes ; she loved to think over the warlike deeds of her ancestry ; but mine, who were bloodless martyrs, knew far better how to endure than conquer.

And now all hope of change, or restoration to the pure air and simple pleasures of village life, were over, and we contemplated the imprisoning roofs and tall chimnies of Paris with dismay. But it was not to occupy you with the uninteresting memoirs of two lonely girls that I sat down to write this narrative, but to warn my grandchildren, while I have still the power, of allowing vice or irreligion to overspread the land ; and I hasten now to more public events.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was true, as Claude had stated, that a victorious army, composed of exiles and foreigners, were marching towards Paris; and the friends of true liberty in France, with the long oppressed peasant, if conquered, had equal reason to dread the re-establishment of those unjust laws which had crushed them so long. It was true also, that their timid King in secret feared to grant them that reasonable share of liberty, to which every man who breathes the common air has a right from his Creator; and therefore his subjects too hastily condemned him as their enemy; as one who, whatever his words might be, could not help wishing the success of that army which threatened their liberties. When, therefore, the Duke of Brunswick, commander of that army, most unwisely threatened to burn the towns and villages, to put the inhabitants to the sword where the slightest resistance should be made, and to Paris itself almost total exter-

mination should the King suffer any wrong, the whole populace rose in frantic rage to pour on the meek head of Louis the full measure of their wrath.

A slight insurrection had taken place previous to our arrival in Paris, in which the King had calmly submitted to the bitterest indignities from the lower orders of the people, which are more degraded and turbulent there than in almost any other European city. Unopposed by the guards who affected to defend the palace, they had burst open the gates with sledge-hammers, and made their way unchecked through halls, once sacred to their former oppressors, the long line of the Bourbons, into the presence of the King, with horrid shouts and yells of triumph, with glistening pikes and frightful emblems of violence and death. The gentle-hearted Prince opened the door of his apartment to them with his own hands, and had nearly been pierced through by a bayonet in doing so. The Queen, the principal object of their hatred, was eagerly sought for, and several pikes were thrust at the King's sister in mistake, when some one cried out that it was Madam Elizabeth; "Why," exclaimed

the excellent woman, "did you undeceive them ! it might have saved my sister's life."

It would seem, as is too often the case in times of lawless disorder, that none knew exactly why they had come together, except to insult those who were too weak to resist. One threw an old red cap at the king ; it was a favourite badge with the lower orders ; he quietly drew it on. Another thrust a bottle of wine into his hand, commanding him to drink to the nation. All the whims of the mob having been complied with by the royal family, it thought fit to withdraw. Alas ! it is to be feared this was only a trial of their strength, and its success did but encourage them to worse measures.

The ill-judged threats of the Duke of Brunswick, only serving to excite the anger of the disaffected all over France, thousands crowded to Paris under the name of federates, the most distinguished of which were those from the city of Marseilles. For some time we observed the city to become more and more disturbed. Bands of armed men singing the most exciting words, which they dignified by the name of a *hymn* in praise of liberty, paraded the streets day and night, insulting the Swiss guards, corrupting the

fidelity of the national troops, and committing outrages upon all who ventured to be moderate. Their loud shouts rose even to the walls of our little attic, and I often shuddered as I fancied them the voices of my father's murderers.

At length, on the morning of the 10th of August, we were awakened from our slumbers by the melancholy tolling of bells from the steeples. M. Dubois soon after rushed into our little apartment, declaring that none who wished for safety must cross the threshold, for the city was in a state of insurrection. Throughout that terrible day we heard the tramping of hasty feet, the noise of cannon, the shouts of the mob, but so distant, for happily we were in a very obscure part of that vast city, that it seemed only like the far-off roarings of the ocean. M. Dubois' charge was an unnecessary one to us. We clung weeping to our faithful old friend, or knelt in prayer to the God of the orphan, through the whole of the tedious hours, but to us they wore over in safety.

Our landlord carefully bolted and barred his shop, retired to the little den behind; and when his panic had subsided, employed himself in cutting out gloves as composedly as if there

were no higher interests on earth than increasing his petty gains,—no noble lives in peril.

The whole force of the mob was directed against the palace of the Tuilleries, where the royal family resided. The Swiss guards hastened to its defence, and a few hundreds of the nobility and gentlemen rallied around the King at this terrible moment; but, alas! they were only the aged too feeble for flight, or the youth too helpless for defence. The insurgents pressed forward; the troops about the castle awaited them firmly, but the good-hearted King could not bear that the blood of Frenchmen should flow on his account; so after hours of indetermination and useless council, he hastened to throw himself and his terrified family upon the protection of the National Assembly, a body composed of his enemies too wicked to protect him, or friends too feeble to protect themselves.

On foot, unguarded, pressed upon every side by the most degraded beings, the royal family took their way to the hall of the National Assembly, exposed to the taunts and abuse of the worthless; the little children weeping and terrified, sometimes dragging their wearied feet after their parents, sometimes quite separated

from them by the vile mob ; pikes and bayonets were thrust at the meek sufferers, but they were calmly put aside, and thus they entered the hall.

The unhappy family had a little closet or enclosure, a few feet square, coldly granted to them by their protectors, and here they remained hungry, thirsty, and weary for fourteen hours. The young Dauphin, overcome with fatigue, dropped asleep in his mother's arms; but his noble sister, just old enough to comprehend something of the sorrows and indignities of her parents, sat beside her mother bathed in tears.

Shortly after the departure of the King, the mob succeeded in entering the palace, and a terrible scene of slaughter and outrage followed. The ladies who waited upon the Queen were spared at the moment the sword was glittering over their heads. All of the King's friends who did not succeed in hiding themselves, were murdered. The private apartments were pillaged, the magnificent furniture was dashed to pieces, and at last fire was applied to whatever could be consumed, whilst the hideous monsters who had produced this horrible scene danced round it in fiendish intoxication.

The royal family was sought for all over the

streets of Paris, and the houses of their friends were entered and searched without the smallest ceremony, death being the certain fate of those who made the least resistance. The few Swiss who escaped by deeds of valour, were carried to prison to expire there by even more terrible treachery.

This is a horrible chapter, and it is painful to turn the eye of youth toward such enormities ; but the heart of man is ever the same, and similar scenes may be acted wherever long oppression is succeeded by irreligion and *lawless* liberty.

CHAPTER XV.

WHILST these and worse scenes of horror were taking place, Amée and myself were quietly pursuing our employment in the garret of M. Dubois. We should probably have been ignorant of much that was passing in the mighty city, for Jacqueline was always silent on what she heard or saw abroad, and we never ventured into the street, but that the adjoining attic was taken about this time by a shoemaker and his wife, who were violent revolutionists. The man attended a nightly club where discontent and ignorance constantly poured forth their rebellious complaints ; from whence he generally returned angry and noisy, to repeat to his wife the ferocious threats of his companions and leaders. We were generally startled by his loud voice from our peaceful slumbers earned by hard toil, describing minutely the horrors of each day, or pouring out threats on *Monsieur and Madam Veto*, as they bitterly nicknamed the King and

Queen. We would then pray fervently to our Heavenly Parent for protection, and clasping each other tightly, in our consciousness of utter weakness, would silently weep ourselves into a sleep, broken perhaps by visions of violence and blood.

We had now been some months in our concealment. Occasionally I had ventured abroad with Jacqueline to the baker's for a roll, or to deliver a paquet of gloves for M. Dubois, when my confinement would become intolerable ; but poor Amée feared to show herself in the crowd. At length the effects of constant toil and want of exercise began to change her appearance. She grew thin and emaciated, her step was languid, and her eye lost its brightness.

"O my dear Manon," she would say, "if I could have but one ramble in the free green woods ; one dance upon the open sward with the sweet cool air blowing around me ;—but these roofs and chimneys, these high walls,—they choke me,—I cannot breathe here."

Our food too was scanty and coarse ; for the immense number of strangers crowded into Paris at this time, the neglected state of agriculture since the farmers had turned politicians, joined to the artificial scarcity caused by the ter-

rors of our expected siege, raised the price of bread until it was almost impossible to purchase it. The little roll, coarse, black, and except to a keen appetite, utterly untempting, which Jacqueline laid upon our table every morning, grew perceptibly smaller, and we were fain to satisfy our hunger at dinner time with a little salad or a few chesnuts, with occasionally the rarity of an omelette; supper was a thing not to thought of. Frantic cries of "bread," "bread," often rose from the street beneath, for it was quite a usual thing for the mob during this *reign of reason* to surround the bakeries at any particular time of scarcity, and on the report or supposition that their masters had accumulated a quantity of flour for private speculation, madly scatter the whole store into the Seine, while the unfortunate victims themselves not unfrequently suffered a violent death.

It was so evident that Amée was sinking under this mode of life, that Jacqueline determined at all risks she should leave her garret for a short time every day. Born a peasant, I had no new character to support. The wooden shoes and clumsy trudge of that class of people were natural to me, and I had all the twanging

patois of a country village in my speech. But to poor Amée all this must be assumed; and though she was unwearied in practising all the defeats of speech or gait which were necessary to complete her disguise, her native elegance could no more be subdued than her taper fingers or slender foot could be changed.

“I shall bring ruin upon you all!” she would often exclaim in tears, discouraged by her vain efforts. “I shall certainly bring ruin upon you *ma bonne*—upon you too my kind sister. O, why has man stamped with his hatred whatever is elegant and graceful.”

Being nearly sixteen she was growing quite tall too, and with all the advantages which the custom of wearing short petticoats allowed, it was impossible to make her present wardrobe fit for the street. But a stuff gown of Jacqueline’s was quickly altered to suit, a new short gown was purchased from our hoarded *louis d’or*, and Amée herself manufactured a tasteful cap, which yet gave her the appearance of being several years older than she was. Clumsy leather shoes, chosen purposely to impede her gait and give her an awkward movement, blue knit stockings with red clocks, a handkerchief

thrown over her head, and a deeper tinge of the walnut dye, completed Amée's costume. Our fear would have led us to select the twilight of morning for the walk, but it was more necessary in those times to avoid suspicion than open danger; so with a throbbing heart poor Amée emerged from her hiding place at midday, following Jacqueline's strides with a bundle of work in her hand.

My little boys will imagine how I spent the first hour of my companions' absence, for they remember their own terrors and suspense last year when news was brought to us that a prowling wolf had been seen in the forest, through which their little sister had gone to school; and like their joy when her careless laugh was heard as she sprung from behind a sumach hedge where she had hidden in her mirth and happy ignorance, was mine when I heard Jacqueline's heavy tread on the stairs.

From that time the walks were continued, and Amée's health and spirits rapidly improved. She had a lively courageous spirit, which was rather pleased to struggle with difficulties for the delight of overcoming them; and the hope of meeting the Comtesse in these daily walks

never left her. "Beside," she would say, "it prepares me for the future, Manon. Jacqueline cannot remain with us always, and even M. Dubois' stock of gloves which seem to our weary fingers inexhaustible, as he crawls up stairs every morning with a package for *mademoiselles*, or, as the new term is, the *citoyennes*, each a little larger than the last, even these will cease in time—and then whither shall we turn? Is it not wisdom to prepare the mind for every event. Ah, my dear Manon, I have such charming plans in my little head, all coming from these walks which you grieve over. When we are grown up women our *louis d'or* will help us to open a little store for the sale of flowers. I can make them very prettily, and you, my Manon, shall do nothing but wander in the green woods and gather my models for me—will not that bring back your smiles again. Or you shall turn violet girl and live amidst fresh air and perfume. Any thing rather than this hot garret, this monotonous toil."

And thus with sweet hopes for the future would the dear young lady beguile the present, and gild our prison with sunny smiles.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR noisy neighbour, the shoemaker, who with thousands of others was supported by the Mayor and Police of Paris for acting as an informer or searcher out of suspicious characters for imprisonment, kept us informed of much that was taking place in the great city ; but it was not until some time after all this terror and confusion had subsided, and men began calmly to review the events of those times, that I acquired a clear knowledge of all the indignities practised upon the meek king from the time of the destruction of the 'Tuilleries until his death.

You have been told how his nobility, who should have protected him from the consequences of hatred which themselves had roused, had sought for their own safety in flight. Some, dispersed in other lands, calmly awaited the convulsions of their country ; others, more nobly but not wisely, united their small means, and

forming an army headed by one of his brothers, joined the Austrians and Prussians, then invading France, and poured their first revenge on those parts which least deserved it. Although Louis, as head of the French nation, had published declarations of war against these powers, no one gave him credit for sincerity. The general impression which the experience of former reigns had produced, was that kings must be tyrants by a sort of necessity of their station ; for the laws of France had fashioned their monarchs into such, at least to the lower classes ; it was therefore judged that whatever his words might be, Louis could not but wish success to the arms of those who were to restore to him the privileges of his family.

The very sacredness of his person as King, which according to the absurd regulations of European governments, was kept up by forms of restriction and reserve from the society of other human beings except those in whose veins the blood of kings and princes wandered, prevented the good and kind of the kingdom, a still numerous class, from knowing how like his thoughts and feelings were to their own. And it was not until reverses of fortune, poverty, im-

prisonment, and outrage, by throwing the meek Prince among them, gave opportunities for knowing him better, that they really loved or pitied the victim which it was then too late to save.

But my remarks precede my narrative.

On the evening of the fatal 10th of August, and within the hearing of the royal family, it was decided in the National Assembly that the King was dethroned by the *will of the people*—they had long acted without the slightest reference to the will of God ;—but although reduced to the rank of an ordinary citizen, as an enemy to the country he must be detained a prisoner. They were accordingly removed to a few contracted apartments, and except when night brought its friendly slumbers, were never free from the intolerable presence of a guard, who reported to his masters their every action and word. As these were often chosen from the lowest of the people, every insult which brutal malice could devise was offered to the noble prisoners. The ordinary civilities of life were thrown aside ; brutal scrawls deformed the walls of their apartments ; the heads of their slaughtered friends were carried by their windows with

songs of triumph. If they sought the air within the narrow enclosure they were allowed to traverse, the guards puffed filthy tobacco smoke into the faces of the ladies, or insulted their ears with low abuse. But all this was born with a gentle dignity that has spread a lustre round the names of Louis and Marie Antoinette, scarcely less than that which gilds the memories of the holy martyrs.

They passed the weary months of captivity in the quiet pleasures of domestic love. The Dauphin, a gentle little creature of five years old, was instructed by his father while the ladies worked, and the evenings were spent in reading. They separated early, and always with tears and embraces, as those who might not be allowed to see each other again. At last the rigor of their jailors deprived them of all sharp utensils. Their clothing fell into rags, which they were no longer able to repair; the King's neglected beard added to their appearance of distress; while the poor Queen was too happy to accept the clothing which the charity of an English lady sent to her.

But while these indignities were patiently endured within the walls of the Temple, with-

out all was anarchy. The moderate people of the country, the *philosophers*, the friends of the *reign of reason*, had no longer bonds with which to restrain the furious mass that their own hands had roused and moulded. Religion, the *authority of God*, was acknowledged no longer, and unfortunately it was found that no man's *reason* agreed with that of his neighbour. The soldier was taught by those who would corrupt him, that his *reason* made him independent of the orders of his general; the *reason* of the civil authorities of Paris placed them above the Assembly, which had been chosen for the government and welfare of the whole country; and the *reason* of the secret clubs which existed in every part of France, taught them by threats and slaughter to triumph over the whole.

How this *reign of reason* acted in private on families, on parent and child, on master and servant, I had no opportunity for observing; but I know that long before its close, our patriotic shoemaker and his wife had separated in quarrels and disgust, each to seek a new partner according to the dictates of *reason*.

But the sufferings of our meek hearted King were approaching an end. The Jacobin party

having completely triumphed over their former teachers, the infidel philosophers, he was indicted at the bar of the House like a common prisoner. I have not room here for an account of that trial which I hope you will seek for in larger works, and weep over as I have often done, receiving beneficial impressions of patient rectitude from one, who gave nobler lessons to man at the close of his life, than he perhaps would have done had it rolled on in the prosperous course of his ancestors. A great man has said, that, “the good, like chamomile, give out most perfume when trodden on.”

His counsel plead nobly for him, but of what use were arguments when his judges had settled his fate before he was brought to trial: he was sentenced to *death* as the secret enemy of his country, to which he had been the *first* of his line to offer freedom.

His execution took place in twenty-four hours after sentence had been passed upon him. Our tears flowed freely as our neighbour described the scene to his wife, but we were forced to stifle our sobs lest they should provoke his attention. From his account it would appear that the good King could not take his leave of

earth and earth's familiar objects, without visible emotion. It would seem too that he scarcely believed his subjects would really shed his blood. He pressed forward to the front of the scaffold and would have addressed the spectators, but the loud beating of drums drowned his voice. He submitted to the instrument of death. "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!" cried the attending clergyman, and the meekest head that ever wore a crown rolled from the bleeding trunk.

Alas! alas! and this was done by Frenchmen—by my countrymen! Yes, they were *Frenchmen*, it is true; but they were only a part of that unlicensed mob which exists all over the world; held in order in most places by the beneficial laws and presence of wiser and better men, but ready for the same acts of violence when that restraint is withdrawn.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE second winter of our abode in Paris wore on, and still we heard nothing of Claude or the Comtesse. The invading armies had been unsuccessful. The emigrant nobility having thus sacrificed all the means which the Revolution at home had left them, were forced to wander into other countries, and there earn a scanty livelihood either by the military profession, or by some of the accomplishments acquired in their days of prosperity. If such was the fate of the leaders, where were those who, like Claude, were too humble for encouragement in foreign lands.

I think the silent sufferings of that winter are more deeply impressed upon my memory than those of any other period. It was not that we were molested in our retreat, nor were any acts of violence committed in our presence; but we could *hope* no longer. We had ever looked

to the success of these armies as the means which would restore us to all that we had been deprived of; to Amée, rank, wealth, and a mother's embrace, to me, a brother and protector. But the dream was over and our fate seemed fixed.

With our dangerous neighbour always ready to earn a few *livres* by *denouncing*, as the act of the informer was called, we dared not trust ourselves in conversation, lest some allusion, some word might trace our dangerous connection with the house of Anjou. Neither dared we fully express to each other the sickening fears that filled our young hearts. Amée's walks were still continued, and she still searched for the dear features of a mother from whom she had been separated so long, but it was ever with disappointment; and sometimes a burst of gushing tears on her return, would tell the bitter sorrow that filled her heart. Our intolerable confinement and scanty food had been borne at first with cheerfulness, because like inexperienced children as we were, we believed that relief would arrive speedily from some quarter; but month after month, year after year

passed over, and we were still immured in the little garret; still the morning sun rose to see us at our joyless labour, and when he descended we stretched ourselves upon our humble beds, glad to lose in slumber the painful thoughts that oppressed us.

What should we have been there without our mutual love, and firm confidence in God, sustained to us through prayer and the constant reading of the Holy Scriptures! O, that all the sufferers of those times had known as we did, the way to those sacred rills of comforts!

I shall best carry on my narrative of the course of events in France if I continue here the story of the Comtesse after she had left *Marie la Bonne*, as she related them to us herself, when we were at last restored to each other.

The relative of the Curé with whom she took refuge was a timid man, and the lady soon perceived that her asylum was very insecure, particularly when some change in the army brought a detachment of troops into her neighbourhood. Whilst considering where to seek another hiding place, Claude found means to see

her, on his way to the frontier, and acquainted her with the terrible events which had taken place at the village, with his visit to Paris, and our safety. The Comtesse saw plainly that Mam'selle Julié was safest when separated from her, and though suffering all a mother's grief at the resolution, she determined to keep as distant as possible from the hiding place of her daughter, sure that she might confide in Jacqueline's prudence, until more peaceful times should unite them, and these she believed were not far distant.

But where should she hide her own poor head!—Claude refused to leave her until she should be in safety, and anxiety for him made her decide quickly.

The earliest years of her life had been spent in a very pleasant district in France called La Vendée where her father had a small estate for hunting. Now the early devotion felt by the peasant for his lord, which I have described to you in the commencement of this tale, from some circumstances continued to exist in La Vendée long after it ceased, or had grown cool, in all other parts of the country. All the inter-

esting features of this attachment were preserved at this time in La Vendée in particular beauty. The nobility and gentry being generally too poor for the extravagancies of Paris, resided on their estates, and cultivated the affections of their simple people by their own virtue and kindness, while these amply repaid them by the most devoted service. Consequently, the flames of discord which were ravaging all other parts of France, had not yet reached this little district. La Vendée was still in a state of profound peace. There the Sabbath was still observed, the priest still worshipped at the Altar, for men had not learned to blaspheme there in the name of Reason and Philosophy.

The lady might have claimed an asylum at some of the Chateaux, though her father's estate there had passed by inheritance to a distant branch of the family, and had quite gone to decay, but she felt safest among the humble.

“I saw,” she observed, “that the tide of hatred and warfare was turning against the rich and noble; that henceforth, if I would preserve life, it must be by bearing the name and degree of a labourer; and I felt that it was wisest

to gain the appearance and habits of one. Jeanette Le Blanc, a soldier's wife, as my passport declared me to be, must continue in the class to which she pretended to belong."

They were not many days ride from La Vendée, and happily the roads in that direction were but little disturbed, so without much difficulty she reached the home of her infant days. She sought immediately the cottage of her nurse where she had used to be regaled on strawberries and cream or hazle-nuts. It stood on the borders of a little wood which surrounded the Chateau, and its utter loneliness seemed to promise shelter and rest to the poor fugitive.

The only inhabitants of the cottage were Pierre, the husband of her nurse, and his granddaughter. Her nurse had died a few years previous and the lady's foster sister, the mother of Laurette, quite recently.

The old man had been gardener at the Chateau, and still remembered his little nursling. His simplicity led him to believe the poor lady's story, although her stained complexion and humble dress made her appear as any thing rather the wife of the Comte of Anjou, and

with many tears and blessings he made her welcome to the shelter of his roof. Indeed the only difficulty had been in making him comprehend the necessity for concealing herself in a place so lowly. Pierre had heard little of the disturbances, and comprehended their causes still less. It seemed utterly impossible to him that a vassal should feel any thing less than profound obedience for his lord, and that attachment which would lead him to yield up life in his defence. The lady felt reluctant to dispel this delusive feeling from the old man's mind, so she merely commanded him in the mildest manner to allow her to make her own arrangements. With sighs and exclamations of wonder which were never exhausted, the old man submitted; and after seeing her settled in much the same situation as she had held at our farm, Claude departed.

Our good lady described her life there as being delightfully tranquil for months.

“Thanks to your little Bible, Manon,” said she, “I had learned to confide the future to Him, who whether in life or death does all

things well. I looked at my situation, so full of perils, in a composed spirit, for I had no desire but to be led by Him who, as I had been taught, cared even for the sparrows that built in careless security under our cottage eaves. I had learned to labour; and no one who has not tried it can imagine how the employment of the hand, with that energy which is necessary to procure the daily bread, lightens the burdens of the heart. Even my sweet Julié I had given in perfect confidence to her Heavenly Father; and in that tranquil cottage, surrounded by the ever silent woods, I enjoyed a peace which I had never known in the castles of my ancestors."

Laurette, the granddaughter of Pierre, was a beautiful girl of fifteen, and as good as she was pretty. The death of her mother, which had thrown so much household care upon her, had made her far before her years in knowledge and industry. She managed her grandfather's little family, took care of the bees and poultry, spun the linen, as if she had been twenty. Besides she earned a few *livres* every week by doing up linen, and plaiting the caps of the dames

in the nearest hamlet, an art which she learned from her mother who excelled in it.

The Comtesse soon learned to iron and plait as neatly as Laurette, and the assistance of her labours made the family more comfortable. It would have been the most natural thing in the world for Pierre and Laurette to tell their friends, who came to visit them for business or pleasure, all of the lady's history and misfortunes, for they were sure that every peasant in the vicinity would rather die than betray her; but as she deemed it imprudent, and had laid her commands upon them, she was known only as Jeannette Le Blanc, whom Pierre's wife had loved very much, and whom the uncertain fate of her husband, a soldier, had driven among them.

“It was so soothing to my poor heart,” said the lady, “to be again among a people preserving the habits and feelings of Frenchmen; for in the events of the last few years I had ceased to recognise my country. There was the same touching, respectful attachment to the *Seigneur*, the same simple piety and obliging cheerfulness of character among all classes, to

which I had been accustomed. It was so like the days of our own village, Manon, to hear the chapel bell tolling for vespers or the solemnities of the Sabbath, to receive the good old Curé to our fireside, to share our grapes and milk with him and receive his blessing ; or to see the light-hearted Laurette dressing at evening, when her labour was over, in her neat jacket, linen white as snow, and tasteful head-dress, for the village dance, which old Pierre still loved to contemplate, sitting under the great linden tree."

Then the hunts of the gentry, which the peasants from the whole district attended ; the good humoured sports and frolics of all classes, without pride on the one hand, as without presumption on the other.—Alas ! that this one asylum for old fashioned habits and opinions could not remain, unspoiled by war or rapine."

CHAPTER XVIII.

BUT our lady's tranquillity was not permitted to endure, in such a tumultuous period. Whilst the faithful Vendéans were still mourning in silent indignation for their King, an order was received, called the *conscript law*, commanding each village to furnish a certain number of men for replenishing the exhausted armies of the republic.

Brave as the Vendéans were, they had already silently submitted to much injustice from those whom they could not hope to conquer; but to fight in support of measures and opinions which they detested, and for the protection of men whose hands were red with the blood of their King and countrymen, was asking too much of man's spirit, at least as it was found in the wild thickets of La Vendée. Over the whole country, village after village, hamlet after hamlet refused in turn to obey the cruel law,

and the district was declared in a state of rebellion.

But the hardy peasant found it easy to defend himself in the peculiar country in which he had been reared. Its thickets and ditches, its forests and bewildering paths, which misled and confounded his enemies, were safety and defence to him; he therefore continued long to exult in his freedom, and to set the *conscript law* at defiance.

But whether taken up at the call of self-defence or of unjust man, war is full of evils. Family union is destroyed by it; industry and quiet pleasures are thought of no more, while men are filled with the excitement of battle, conquest, and pursuit. The peaceable fruits of righteousness cannot grow where the tempest of excited passions is raging.

La Vendée was no longer a quiet resting-place; yet even there the poor lady was in less danger than in other districts; for as there was no one in the family to engage actively in the warfare, and they were at quite a distance from the hamlet, she had reason to hope that even if the Vendéans failed at last to defend their coun-

try, vengeance would not spend itself on a spot so humble.

The warlike spirit seemed more active everywhere than in their neighbourhood. Laurette still laughed and sung; Pierre still dug a little in the warm sunshine, around his salad beds, or watched his bee-hives. The services of religion still continued, though the attendants were very often confined to the women and old men; the younger being frequently drawn away by the patriotism of their neighbours to distant skirmishes. Yet still the Veandean continued successful, and the injury done to the country was comparatively slight.

About a year had passed over in this way, when old Pierre fell ill of a fever. The circumstances of the family, like those of their neighbours, were far less comfortable than they had been; for although the peasant never totally neglected his home and family for war, and the women did all they could at out-of-door labour to assist their husbands and brothers, it was impossible but that in the marchings and tumults of a disordered country, fields and vineyards should be trampled and destroyed, cottages

should be burned, flocks and herds slain. No more *livres* were earned by washing and plaiting, for the villagers had none to spare; and the good lady had begun to fear that she should become a burden to her kind protectors. The contest too had drawn near to their little hamlet, and their prospects were dreary.

The skill of the Comtesse made her at once physician and nurse to the old man, but his fever was very severe. The friends who visited them brought daily intelligence of the approach of a part of the revolutionary army, rendered furious by ill success, which had already committed the most shocking cruelties on men and animals; and the little hamlet was full of alarm. As poor old Pierre's fever approached its crisis he had become delirious, and terrifying as the news from the army might be, the lady and Laurette had no choice but to watch beside his sick bed.

Laurette, indeed, who had scarcely ever seen sickness, and loved her poor old grandfather dearly, was nearly distracted by grief, and quite indifferent to any other fear than that of parting from him. She watched him incessantly, gath-

ered with the greatest care the herbs used by the lady for his recovery, and bathed his burning hands with her tears.

It was now certain that the "Blues," as the republican army was called by the peasants from the colour of its uniform, were approaching. Spies had given notice to the hamlet, and the women busied themselves in conveying their grain and other provision to recesses in the rocks where fire could not attack it, while all who could, found shelter for themselves and their little ones in the woods and thickets. The inhabitants of Pierre's cottage were left alone by the bed-side of the sick.

As had been feared, a band of the desolating army passed through the hamlet, but there was little to plunder, and the victorious peasants were behind; so contenting themselves by firing a few cottages, which a drenching rain soon extinguished, they hastened onward.

As the Comtesse had hoped, Pierre's little habitation escaped their notice altogether, and the inmates were too much engaged in attentions to the poor old man, whose fever was now at its height, to have their fears disturbed as they

would otherwise have been. It seemed pretty certain that his fate for life or death would be decided in a few hours, and they sat watching every change of his countenance throughout the day, with the deepest anxiety. The lady's skill led her to anticipate his recovery, but Laurette could not be persuaded that her poor old grandfather would be restored to her. She had all the superstitions of her country; and so many omens of death had been given, according to her fancies, by owls, rats, dogs, and all the other sagacious creatures which ignorance has singled out, that reasoning with, or consoling her, were equally vain. Unaffected by the clouds of smoke, which rising over the tree-tops told of the presence of the long-dreaded "Blues," she watched and wept by the sick bed. The lady talked of submission to God; and she prayed incessantly to the saints and the Holy Virgin for his life, but still she was un-comforted.

It was towards evening when the old man roused a little, and seemed to recognise them. This was the moment the lady had been waiting for with so much anxiety, and both leaned

over his bed. He murmured the name of Father Clement, the Curé, and Laurette was bounding to the door to go in search of him.

“Laurette,” exclaimed the Comtesse, “you must not venture abroad to-night! the woods and paths are full of danger!”

“But my good grandfather,—he will die without having seen the priest, and then think of all that his poor soul will suffer!”

“My dear Laurette, your grandfather is not dying—beside, he could scarcely understand what the good father would say to him if he were here;—the villagers too are all dispersed, and even if the way were perfectly safe, you know not where to find the Curé.”

“O, yes!” she exclaimed, “I know he is in the hazle glen of the *Bois-La roche*, for there the old folks and children were to hide, and surely Father Clement would be near the most helpless.”

“Laurette, my good girl,” replied the lady, “you are too young to understand the dangers you would encounter by going out alone in the dusk of evening through our woods. Our spies tell us that the Blues have departed since noon;

yet there may still be straggling parties wandering about, and even here we are scarcely safe. Yet I trust this feeble old man may be our protection should they attack us. Sit down and watch beside your grandfather, Laurette, whilst I prepare him a little nourishment."

The lady was occupied in the little kitchen about half an hour, and when she again entered the cottage she was startled to find the sick man quite alone. It had now become dark, but the torch which she carried in her hand, made from the knot of a pine tree, threw its red light over his face, and she was delighted to observe that his feeble eyes as they turned toward the torch, seemed to know her.

"How are you, father," she said, approaching the bed, "and where is Laurette."

The old man murmured something, scarcely intelligible between age and weakness, about the Curé, and the Comtesse immediately understood the whole matter. It was evident that the poor girl's fears for the spiritual safety of her grandfather had induced her to disobey the lady, and to set out through darkness and tempest, through peril from wolves, which much infested

the country, and from wandering soldiers, more fearful in their rage than beasts of prey, to seek the spot where the Curé had secreted himself, or was guarding the helpless.

I cannot describe to you the sufferings of the lady during that long night. After Pierre had taken some nourishment he fell asleep, but it was so like the slumber of death, that the lady often placed her hand upon his heart to be certain that it beat. Except the pattering of the rain and the scraping of the boughs over the roof of the cottage as the wind swayed them backward and forward, not a sound was to be heard, until the owls in a distant ruin added their doleful notes.

“Again, Manon,” said the lady, “your little Bible was my support. When, after peering out of the casement for the poor imprudent Lauvette, although I trembled to show a woman’s form to some wandering soldier, I would become terrified at the deep darkness and loneliness of my situation, and would return to the hardly less lonely couch of Pierre, or would count the loud beatings of my heart, almost suffocated by terror, which, when my head rested

on the sick man's pillow, I often mistook for the hasty footsteps of Laurette, I would crouch down by the little torch and read its words of comfort, the terrors of excited imagination would leave me, and even the darkness become less obscure."

Thus the night passed slowly and gave no news of the imprudent wanderer.

At first the Comtesse hoped she had been detained at the hazle glen by the Curé, or the villagers, but the early morning had nearly passed over when she heard the tramping of feet. Fearing the approach of a party of soldiers, she placed herself near the casement where she could not be seen ; almost immediately a party of peasants belonging to their own hamlet issued from the opposite grove, bearing a litter formed of branches. Giving a hasty glance toward the still sleeping old man, the lady directed them to the outhouse, and when they laid down their burden it showed the body of the young pretty Laurette, covered with wounds, drenched with rain and blood, her soft dark eyes glazing in death. She fixed a look of agony upon the lady, and died with the tale of horror untold, upon her lips."

CHAPTER XIX.

I CANNOT bear to wound your happy young hearts, my dear boys, with these mournful stories ; yet it is quite proper that you should be made to see some of the horrid features of anarchy and irreligion ; that when you take your places in society as men, and the guardians of your country, you may learn, from early impressions to dread their slightest approach.

It was easy to imagine Laurette's story, although her dying lips had failed to give it utterance. She had been found about an hour before in a damp thicket, half-way between her home and the *Bois-Laroche* nearly insensible. When the mourning peasants had bound up her gaping wounds with strips torn from their own linen, and poured some wine between her lips, she revived sufficiently to murmur, "*the Blues !*" "*home !*" They saw that she was dying, so hastily constructing a litter they bore her upon their shoulders as gently as possible, and she

expired as I have told you at the threshold of her own cottage.

The men withdrew, pouring horrible threats of vengeance upon the Republican Army, which every where marked its progress or retreat by such fiendlike outrages, and at last excited the once virtuous and humane peasants of La Vendée to similar acts. The Comtesse gently stretched out the stiffening limbs of poor Laurette, and then taking her pretty young face upon her lap, bedewed it with a mother's tears.

"I thought," she said, "of my own poor child, and I earnestly prayed to God that He would not allow the terrors and grief of the present moment to take away my confidence in Him."

As the lady had predicted Pierre recovered ; but his mind was extremely feeble, and fearing that a sudden shock should deprive him of his faculties altogether, the Comtesse carefully guarded the story of Laurette's fate from him ; — he supposed her on a visit to distant friends. But one day during her temporary absence, he received a visit from an old friend, scarcely less removed from childishness than himself. Finding out Pierre's ignorance of the

fate of his grandchild, and delighted to have a new horror to relate, the old man told the tale to the invalid with terrible fidelity. When the lady entered old Claude was lingering over and repeating the story with great pleasure to Pierre, who was leaning forward from his arm chair with his eyes staring on the narrator, every feature rigid as marble !

Rubbing with the hand and applications of wild mustard restored the circulation to his body but his mind was gone forever ! Pierre lived, but he was a stupid idiot ! ———

The war of the Vendéans continued for nearly a year after this time, until the surrounding countries were well nigh desolated ; though fortunately for the lady the warfare was carried on chiefly in the neighbouring districts, and La Vendée itself suffered far less than the others. But I will spare you its horrible details ; enough that these men, who claimed to be the liberators of the world from the prejudices of religion, and the friends of the human race, caused helpless

women and children to be roasted alive ; bound them in bundles and cast them into the Loire where it was too shallow to drown them, calling it Revolutionary Baptism, then plunged their swords into those hapless wretches who swam to the shore ; orphan children were mowed down in hundreds like grass before the scythe by their muskets, and horrors, such as the civilized world never before witnessed, were the consequences of the *reign of reason* !

The tide of war continuing to roll away from her, the Comtesse still concealed herself in the cottage of Pierre.

“I knew not whither to turn, she said. My presence was not necessary to Pierre ; he was happy if allowed to braid straw for a bonnet for poor Laurette, whom he seemed to be constantly expecting ; but if La Vendée was a scene of danger, so was the whole of France to one of noble blood. Yet my heart sickened to know the fate of my child. Our separation had been extended far beyond my remotest expectations, and I felt as if I could endure it no longer. Claude did not return ; nay, the ill success of the army seemed to decide that it was useless to expect him, and how was I to travel. I was

secure in my disguise, which had now become quite natural to me, and I still possessed the passport of Jeannette Le Blanc, but I could not traverse the whole distance between La Vendée and Paris quite alone."

Circumstances, however, occurred which at last gave her the opportunity she desired.

During an attack of the Republican Army, in which the hamlet in the neighbourhood was a second time fired, Pierre's cottage was visited by some of the fierce soldiers, who were preparing to wreak their vengeance on its inhabitants, when a person in the dress of an officer appeared at the door. The lady instantly threw herself at his feet, relating in passionate words of entreaty the horrible injuries which had made poor old Pierre a grinning idiot. The young man's heart was touched, and interposing his authority, the cottage and its inmates were spared.

But the vengeance of the Vendéans was at hand, and in turn they were victors. The old Chateau, near which the cottage stood, had been fortified by a party of the Republicans, but the peasants fired it with their own hands.

Whilst the fire was raging a man covered with dust and cinders, the blood streaming from a

recent wound in his temple, reeled with violence against the door of the cottage, which was but feebly barred. It burst open, "Save me!" he cried, and the Comtesse recognised the young officer who had so recently saved their lives. Quick as thought she thrust him under the settle on which Pierre always sat, and covered him with a heap of straw from which the old man was busily selecting the longest and fairest for Laurette's bonnet.

A party of peasants soon followed, but they respected Pierre's sorrows too much to disturb him by a search, and the wounded man escaped.

When it could be done with safety, the Comtesse dressed his wound, and concealed him for many weeks in a loft over the kitchen until he was strong enough to travel. The young man was grateful, and without disclosing her real situation she ventured to confide to him her desires to seek out an only child, whom changes in the circumstances of the friends with whom she had left her, had carried her to Paris. The stranger was a Parisian, the son of a baker there, and eagerly offered to be her guide if she could contrive means for his leaving La Vendée. His detachment of the regiment was dispersed,

and being too feeble for further service, he was sure of being permitted to return home. By assuming the dress of a peasant his departure was made easy. Pierre was committed to the care of some of the villagers, and in an ox cart they left La Vendée.

As soon as they were out of the disturbed districts the young man's uniform became their protection, and with some delays, but little real danger, they arrived at the barriers of Paris.

CHAPTER XX.

NEARLY two years had passed over us since the point at which I took up the Lady's story, and we still toiled on in the little garret of M. Dubois. But what changes had not these years made in the condition of Paris.

The guillotine, that instrument seemingly invented for this period alone, did its work daily upon hundreds of victims. All who had been distinguished in France for excellence, talent, or noble birth, had perished under its fatal stroke, or were languishing in crowded prisons, waiting for the only Freedom they might hope for—Death.

We heard the rumbling of the wheels which were conveying the victims to the place of execution daily; and so exactly did we learn to measure the time by our dread of their arrival, that the patient smile always faded from Amée's pretty lip, and a sad silence filled our apartment

as the hour approached, until we were at last forced to hide ourselves in Jacqueline's closet, or wrap our heads in the bed clothing, that we might not hear the fatal sound.

Our noble Queen, with the other members of the royal family, had been closely imprisoned and treated with great rigour since the King's execution, but for some time she had the satisfaction of being with her children. As the period of her trial approached this was considered too great an indulgence. The latter part of her confinement was spent in the worst prison's worst room, entirely separated from her family and in the most disgraceful destitution; her only dress was an old black gown; her stockings were in holes, and she was destitute of shoes of any kind. Her bed ragged and miserable, breathing the most unwholesome smells, her only attendant a spy and a murderer, thus did *she* languish whose whole previous life had been spent in a luxury which could not even conceive of poverty. Weeping and want wasted the loveliness which had once made her an idol, and early sorrow turned her beautiful hair quite gray; but nothing could take from her the comforts which Religion

gives ; and happier than her murderers when in turn they met the stroke of the guillotine, she looked in hope from the sorrows of this life to the bliss of a better world. She too was at last dragged to the place of execution, and like those of her gentle hearted husband, her last hours were spent in prayer for her enemies.

These two years have very properly been called the *Reign of Terror*, for Reason seemed to have been as completely lost as Religion. The Philosophers, and Enlighteners of their nation, as they had loved to style themselves, were daily slaughtered by the guillotine ; or, hunted like wild beasts, they perished by their own hands in prisons, garrets, ditches or roadsides, to escape the fury of the men whom they had instructed in the doctrines of *liberty* ; and found when too late that the laws of God can alone bind society together in happy security.

The prisons were overflowing with suspected persons, and our neighbour the shoemaker had long since grown rich by his employment. He had formerly been only violent and noisy, but his vile occupation and consequent familiarity with scenes of distress, had rendered him both harsh

and cruel. His voice had grown to resemble the growl of a dog, and even his wife became glad to hide herself from his presence. Perhaps it was these qualities which made the Authorities choose him for the guardian of the young Dauphin when it was determined to educate him as a *sans-culotte*, the lowest grade in Paris. He was a gentle hearted little boy whose young eyes had learned to weep in sympathy with his father's tears, and could ill bear the sufferings inflicted upon him.

Old M. Dubois was present at the Convention when the wretch received his charge "*to get rid of the whelp!*" and even he, who never got angry at any thing which did not interfere with his own gains, a soil on the kid or a long stitch in a glove, described to us indignantly how the monster grinned when this was said.

He was *got rid of*, and speedily too, I believe ; for confinement under bolts and bars, in a filthy room by day and night, his solitude only broken by cruel faces that came to mock his infant tears ; his bed, unmade for six months, covered with vermin ; a whole year without changing his linen or stockings ; his windows never

opened to admit the pure air of heaven ; without employment for his hands or books for his mind ; the dull wearisome day succeeded by the night whose terrible imaginings no cheerful taper banished ;—ah, my dear boys, wonder at the horrors which were crowded into that poor child's last days, and whilst you pity him, thank God for the blue vault above you, the breezy forest around, and a home of freedom !

Before he was eight years old, I think, he rested in a quiet grave.

In the progress of my tale you have seen that Religion had been, even in name, almost totally neglected. The Rulers had proceeded as if there were no God in Heaven, and the people had obediently imitated them. But the *office* of Priest still continued ; the Churches which the piety of former ages had reared, still stood open to invite a wandering footstep to their Altars, and here and there a faithful Curé performed the duties of his station. But even this show of piety became irksome to men whose consciences dreaded its truth, and at last the Nation devoted itself, with processions and hymns, to a fantastic Deity called the *goddess of Reason*,

who was represented by a beautiful opera dancer.

The sacred vessels and rich treasures of the Churches were torn from them by the mob ; all that their ancestors had venerated was trampled under foot ; and the busts of men who had distinguished themselves only by their vices took the places of Saints and Martyrs ; the Churches themselves were converted into Temples of the new Deity, and the grave yards bore this inscription, “ death is an eternal sleep ; ” by a formal decree every tenth day became sacred to this new worship ; and the holy day of God appointed by Himself amid the thunders of Sinai,—approved by human legislators for its benevolent interval of rest to labouring man and his patient beast,—honoured by accumulated ages,—it passed away,—it was set aside from a great Nation by the will of a few hundred uneducated fanatics of *liberty*, as they chose to call the wild passion which swayed them ; and France, beautiful France, rich in the bounties of its Maker, glorious in the perfections which His hand had stamped upon her, was a *Land without the Sabbath !*

“The services of religion were now universally abandoned. Baptisms ceased ; the burial service was heard no longer ; the sick received no communion, the dying no consolation. Infancy entered the world without a blessing ; age quitted it without a hope.”

CHAPTER XXI.

It may well be supposed by my dear children, that all this folly and irreligion made little difference to us poor lonely girls. We had our Bible still and our books of devotion; we knew that our Heavenly Parent looked upon the lowly heart wherever it raised its offering, so the decrees of the Convention or the fashions of our neighbours made little difference to us. In patient hope we still toiled on.

Poor Amée's daily walks had been but little interrupted, except when tumults in the streets rendered it dangerous, and it was very plain, although she seldom mentioned it, that the hope of one day meeting her beloved parent or Claude in these rambles, was the strong desire which gave them interest.

"I look so inquiringly in every one's eyes, dear Manon," she would sometimes say, laughing through her tears, "that I fully expect to be

arrested for a suspicious person. But if you could only conceive how my heart throbs almost to bursting when I discover a figure or gait resembling *hers* ; how I hurry poor Jacqueline forward by every excuse to view the face, and then how terrible is my disappointment, you would pity me."

Pity her I am sure I did, and weep with her too. Yet she still persevered in hoping, and talked of the future so cheerfully, for the next garret being empty now, we could allow ourselves a little conversation occasionally, that my own heart caught the feeling from hers.

At length, it was on one of the Decades, as these new divisions of time were called, the obsequies M. Dubois had closed his little shop in honor of the day, and with his red peruke neatly dressed, his best clothes brushed as clean as hands could make them, was just setting out to join one of the processions, when a young man in the dress of the Revolutionary Army, accompanied by a tall, dark, weather-stained peasant woman, inquired for Jacqueline. Had not the dress of the young man given him assurance of safety, such an occurrence would have filled M. Dubois with alarm ; as it was he showed them

into the little back room, where Jacqueline was engaged in some household duty. One glance at her neat little figure through the glass door convinced the female that she was right, and dismissing her protector she entered the room alone.

She pronounced Jacqueline's name and extended her hand, but so completely had four years of incessant watchfulness and fear subdued nature within the good creature, that although perfectly recognising the Comtesse at the first glance, neither word nor look betrayed her feelings. M. Dubois just waited long enough to see that the visitor was received, and politely withdrew. Jacqueline quietly accompanied him to the door, spoke of her guest, talked over the probabilities of a shower, procured his umbrella, gave a finishing brush to his hat with her apron, watched him some paces down the street, then barred the door strongly and hastened to the lady.

She had fainted.

When life again coloured her lips and cheeks she lay in the arms of her child !

Jacquiline wisely judged that even a moment's suspense should be avoided here ; and certain

from Amée's disposition that though she might dance in frenzied delight, she would neither faint nor lose her power of acting reasonably, she rushed to our room with the intelligence. Dear, dear Amée ! my old eyes are running over now at the recollection of her wild scream of joy, fortunately a safe one, as she sprung to her feet and darted to the door. A look from Jacqueline directed her, she waited not for words, but flew down stairs. According to Jacqueline's directions I followed very deliberately.

“ Mamma ! mamma ! my own dear mamma ! ” were the whispered words which brought the Comtesse to the consciousness of her happiness.

The mother and child lay long silently locked in each other's embrace, whilst Jacqueline and myself knelt beside them in tears of joyful thankfulness. When they at last roused themselves, our lady extended her arms ; thoughtless of rank we threw ourselves into them and wept together. When their tears had subsided, with what astonishment the mother and child gazed upon each other. Except in that hasty meeting by night in the acacia thicket, they had never seen each other in their peasant's garb. How

different then did each appear from the form which memory had presented. In the mother's mind Amée only dwelt as a graceful young girl of twelve or thirteen, habited in the delicate dress proper to her station, her flowing dark hair shading a sweet but childish countenance. Now a tall young woman stands before her, dressed in a woollen petticoat and jacket of the form of Jacqueline's, but with limbs so elegant, and movements so light, that she gives grace to the dress. Her hair is braided under a handkerchief worn something in the form of a turban, which adds greater maturity and dignity to her appearance. The circumstances in which her character had been formed, in those important years when the girl passes into the woman, had tended very much to foster certain points of her character which showed themselves in the spirited determination of her eyes, and the firmness of her lip. She looked like one whose courage was prepared for any circumstances, but whose sweetness would yield under no trial, and over all a little mirthfulness played which made her face charming. And such she was, my fair Amée ! such she is still, my excellent lady, the Comtesse De F——, the beloved and admired

even in old age, by her children's children. May a thousand blessings be upon her !

M. Dubois most obligingly remaining abroad most of the day, we spent it in mutual communications in our garret, Jacqueline watching at the door lest we should be interrupted by listeners. It was then we first wept over the story of poor Laurette, and then we most devotedly, upon bended knees, returned thanks to our Heavenly Parent for the watchfulness which had guarded us in such incessant dangers, for more than four years.

The lady had found no difficulty in procuring an asylum with the grateful parents of Laprés, the young man she had saved ; but the baker was a violent Revolutionist, one of the Committee of his Section, that is, a man whose duty it was to arrest all suspicious persons in his district; her home therefore was neither safe nor pleasant. Jacqueline indulged the hope that she might in time be able to persuade her brother into receiving another inmate, or at least a lodger for the next garret ; in this hope, and with the promise of meeting when prudence would again permit, the mother and child tore themselves apart. Jacqueline accompanied the Comtesse

to her home, that her well known face and figure might give her protection in our neighbourhood, whilst Amée and myself remained to wonder, weep, and laugh over the events of the day.

CHAPTER XXII.

I BELIEVE M. Dubois had no suspicion of the rank of the Comtesse, or that she was anything more than what she seemed, the mother of Amée and a former neighbour of Jacqueline. Perhaps, had his business been sufficiently extensive, Jacqueline's hopes of another assistant might have been realized. But trade of all kinds was extremely dull; for though people, particularly the Revolutionists, danced, sung, went to theatres and concerts, gave dinners and suppers as if the country had been overflowing with happiness; yet as elegance of dress, or luxury of living, were marks of wealth, and the possession of that a sure introduction to the prison or guillotine, men and women affected great indifference to appearances, and often assumed the squalid dress of extreme poverty to please their masters, the *sans-culottes*.

The lady continued therefore to live with the baker in fear and distrust, which prevented her

visiting us so frequently as she might have done ; but at last the moment appointed for delivering the country from this curse which it had brought upon itself, arrived, and the gladness which filled the land entered our lonely garret too.

The terrible party which had governed France for two years, like wolves at a carnage, had gradually thinned their number by slaughtering each other, until the supreme power rested in the hands of three individuals whose names will always be infamous in history, Danton, Marat, and Robespierre. I need not shock you with the particulars of the fate of these wretched men, for it is not necessary to my story. They perished at last by deaths of violence, one by the hand of a deluded female who sought thus to avenge her lover's death and the wrongs of her country ; the others by the guillotine which for two years had done its work at their bidding upon so many thousands, amidst the terrible curses of the land they had afflicted.

With the last of these, Robespierre, the instrument of death rested ; the executioner's work was done ; the prison gates were opened ; wives and husbands, parents and children, brother and sister, friend and friend, met in

frenzied embraces. The city was delirious with joy, and even Jacqueline lost her prudence.

It was at this moment that the Comtesse revealed her real name and rank to the baker. Her story was striking and romantic; the weak, silly man was flattered by her confidence, he was certainly grateful too for the services she had rendered to his son; beside, mercy was the fashion of the day, and who that has ever been in Paris knows not how fashion rules the conduct of its inhabitants. He very graciously pardoned her for the involuntary crime of being descended from a race of kings and princes, and promised her his protection.

But the grateful Arnold did more. He threw himself at the feet of his Colonel, with whom he was a great favorite; he daily haunted the National Tribunal to interest its members; and the Comtesse herself through him, obtained an opportunity to plead her own cause before the kind hearted Madam Tallien, wife to the President of the Convention. Her husband, the unfortunate Compte, had long since perished in an engagement on the frontier, and the lady's secluded life had happily prevented her from offending against the prejudices of the people;

so that there was the less difficulty in removing her name from the list of the proscribed. Nay more, government was her debtor for some funds illegally claimed, which were restored ; and at last, on the brightest day, as we thought that ever dawned on Paris, our lady and most beloved Mam'selle Julié were restored to freedom and comfort.

I am sure I shall gratify my dear boys by pausing here for a moment, though at the close of a long and perhaps tedious tale, to describe our sensations in a situation so new. But M. Dubois is present to me now as he looked when the story was revealed to him. He was in our garret, and the lady, freed from the disguise of her lowly dress, stood before him in the dignity of her rank ; the paper which secured her freedom, with the seals and official marks which gave it outward importance, in her trembling hands, yet so deeply grateful for his involuntary protection that words could not express her feelings. He looked so confounded with the dangers he had escaped, and so much gratified by the well filled purse the lady placed within his hand ; so divided between his natural respect for rank, and his new revolutionary opinions,

adopted to please his customers; so much pleased with the friends his faithful sister had earned, and its consequent benefit to himself, but so vexed with the use she had made of him in her concealment, that his face formed one of the most rueful yet amusing pictures possible.

Amée, in her merry wit declared that his red peruke stood up in agitation; how that may be I know not, but the jerkings of his eyebrows did certainly communicate a ridiculous motion to it behind.

He took leave of Amée, bright in tears and smiles, with a profound reverence; yet true to his character, ventured to hope "that Mam'selle would not leave him until the half finished package of gloves were embroidered, as she knew it would make a great difference in his poor business if they were spoiled by another hand."

"I will not promise that, M. Dubois," said Amée laughing, and gracefully extending her hand, "but I will promise to purchase them as they are, to finish at my leisure; and farther, I will promise never to wear a glove shaped by another hand than M. Dubois' whilst he is able

to form one ;” and grateful tears filled her eyes as she spoke.

The old man was moved and quickly withdrew. A *fiacre*, an inferior kind of hack, but the best that the prejudices of the times allowed to people of wealth, conveyed us to the ready furnished Hotel which the delicate kindness of Madam Tallien had engaged for the Comtesse in that quarter of Paris where resided the few of her own rank which the Revolution had left. Amée entered it in her peasants’ garb. It was her pleasure to do so for she loved all strong emotions and contrasts ; it was difficult to tell on that day whether her tears or smiles were most numerous. Of one thing I am certain. The deep gratitude of a pious heart was overflowing in rapid streams amidst all her transports.

When, at her mother’s request, she laid aside the jacket, petticoat, leather shoes and woollen stockings, which had been her protection for so many years, and assumed the elegant dress proper to her rank and age, she kissed them with deep emotion, as they were deposited by her own hands in a place of safe keeping.

“Lie there,” she exclaimed, “memorials of Amée! on this day of every year shall you be worn by her, and it shall be sacred to Him, who through your means, has so graciously and wonderfully preserved me. As a deception I hated you, as a remembrancer of His goodness I revere you! You shall be strewed with the freshest violets from the dear woods of *St. Marie la Bonne!*”

“Mamma! mamma!” she exclaimed, “take me from these walls! They are lofty and gilded it is true, yet still they are *walls* such as those of prisons and garrets! Oh, take me abroad under wide blue Heavens, let me breathe the balmy air of the meadows, and let me tell the winds again and again that I am *free!*”

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE moderate wishes of wealth are not difficult to gratify. In a short time we were again in the beloved village of *St. Marie la Bonne*. We were weeping at the graves of my father and Henri; we were embracing deaf Francois and his scolding wife. We gathered hazle-nuts and violets in the glen where Jacques had died, and dear Julié wiped away her mother's tears at the dreary Mausoleum which had sheltered the Compté. We strewed fresh flowers over the simple grave of the Curé, and even poor Bijou's resting place was not forgotten, though I forebore to tell Mam'selle *all* that sad story.

But our dear village could no longer be a home for us. The fires of the brigands had not more marred and defaced the marble walls of the Chateau, than the opinions and practices of the Revolution had spoiled our once innocent neighbours. Rapine, the power to wrest away what the weak could not hold, had produced a grasp-

ing, avaricious spirit among them. As it was the fashion to talk of wrongs, these simple people who had suffered none, at least in comparison, had learned to threaten and complain. A vain struggle to rise a *little* higher than his neighbour, to get a *little* more of the confiscated lands, to go a *little* beyond the other in petty frauds, filled the scheming heads of the villagers. The young men were noisy, the girls bold and vain. The Sabbath was no longer regarded nor even wished for by the most; but a noisy, conceited Atheism, which doubted everything and respected nothing, human or divine, had taken the place of that deep reverence and contented faith, which had once made them all so happy.

Even Jacqueline was glad to return to Paris.

Our next endeavour was to learn news of my brother Claude, and here we were quite successful; for a letter was found at the Post Office, addressed to the care of M. Dubois, written about six months previous, which informed us in a concealed way, that about a year before he had sailed from Marseilles for a port near Paris; but being driven out to sea by a violent storm in the Bay of Biscay, they were relieved when nearly sinking by a vessel bound for New

York in North America. He had landed there friendless and penniless, but employment was easily obtained; and finding that it would be certain death to re-enter France after having been in the service of the Aliens, he had been engaged by a French gentleman there, who promised him every assistance when it should be safe for him to return.

A letter soon informed him of our release, and conveyed liberal proofs of his lady's gratitude.

But I need linger no longer over this tale, for I have shown you what I wished, a few pictures, and faint ones too, of a land desolated by anarchy and irreligion, holding its security at the hand of a lawless Mob. 'The uneventful life, even of a grandmother, can scarcely be of further interest. We continued with our lady until the marriage of Mam'selle carried them both to the south of France. My own wedding with your grandfather took place about the same time, and in compliance with his wishes and those of my brother Claude, we removed to America, and faithful Jacqueline accompanied us.

Here, in the wild forest I have lived, I have been happy, and I have mourned. Here my boys have been reared in freedom and comfort;

here my husband and brother sleeps; and here will I be buried. The forest is gradually passing away from around me, but I too shall have gone before the axe of the woodman girdles the last tree; and may my children's children guard the spot where their ancestors slumber.

But France, my beautiful France! How is it you will say, grandmother, with that fated land?

Why, my dears, even as it is with yonder wheat field which the lightning burned. In religion as in morals it presents strange contrasts. Every where may be viewed the blackened stubble, memorials of the past; but the tender green of a new vegetation is fast rising above it, and many a sweet sprout of holiness flourishes by the side of the scorched remnants of infidelity. And since there stands a promise which cannot fail, that "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea," doubt it not that a time is coming when France shall so stand in the beauty of holiness, that it will be a wonder, a thing to make men gaze, when it is told that she was ever that frightful object—









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